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LORD SALISBURY AT LAMBETH.

THE PRIME MINISTER had certain exceptional disadvantages as well as certain special advantages in making his speech to the Conservatives of South London on Wednesday. Among the disadvantages it is not necessary to reckon his recent indisposition. It has till recently been understood that English Prime Ministers "have no time to be ill," and Lord SALISBURY at least has preserved the tradition of the office. But the fact that some of the most interesting subjects of the moment, including all, or almost all, of those relating to foreign policy, are in a state which makes it almost impossible for a man in Lord SALISBURY's position to speak of them, was a very decided drawback. It is tolerably well ascertained that the result of Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF's mission, both in regard to Egypt and to the general relations of England and Turkey, has been highly satisfactory. But with the Conference just about to meet at Constantinople, almost anything that an English Prime Minister could say on such a subject would be liable to misconstruction. Of Burmah there was probably nothing to say for the moment, and Lord SALISBURY could hardly have anticipated Mr. BRIGHT's foolish diatribe. The absence of any reference to Ireland in the speech has been commented on with natural regret, which the fact that the leader of the House of Commons was at the same time making a declaration of Irish policy elsewhere cannot be said to make wholly unreasonable. Yet here again Lord SALISBURY might urge that he said nothing because there was nothing to say. The Government have, rightly or wrongly (we think wrongly), chosen to walk in a certain path in Ireland, and they have neither come to the end of that path nor to any remarkable break or turning in it. Still, however good may be the reasons for not touching on such subjects, the omission to touch on them is always counted by enemies, and perhaps sometimes felt by friends, as a disadvantage. On the other hand, Lord SALISBURY had some striking recent encouragements, of which he did not fail to make the most. The trouble into which their rash raising of the Disestablishment question has already brought the Liberal leaders, and the discredit into which their awkward efforts to back out are daily bringing them, would have given a tempting handle to a far less adroit and vigorous controversialist. The municipal elections and the London School Board elections have undoubtedly disappointed the Liberals; and those who maintain that the School Board elections have been wrongly interpreted may be best referred to the groans of such undoubted prophets of their own as Mr. WILKS and Sir JOHN BENNETT. It is possible, no doubt, to exaggerate very much the importance of these things; but it is not possible to deny that they give an excellent starting-point for a speech of the electioneering kind.

Such a speech Lord SALISBURY was more or less forced to deliver by the circumstances already referred to. He has been gravely rebuked for ridiculing certain of the Moderate Liberal leaders and for his remarks on the Free-trade question. If there were the slightest chance of rallying Mr. GOSCHEN or Lord HARTINGTON to the Conservative side, some of Lord SALISBURY's sarcasm might, perhaps, have been judiciously spared from his own point of view. As to the third member of the remarkably sculpturesque group which Lord SALISBURY sketched, we should suppose, as a matter of probable conjecture on which we have no positive knowledge, that there is not a single Conserva-

tive who wishes to see Lord DERBY in the Conservative ranks again. Mr. GOSCHEN is, it would seem, unalterably wedded to an impalpable and impracticable something which he calls Liberalism, but which is not identical with any Liberalism that has been alive for many years. And Lord HARTINGTON has painted himself with too evident truth as a person who, though he dislikes his colleagues and his instruments heartily, cannot bring himself to give up his business connexion with them. Lord SALISBURY seems to have thought that, instead of useless invitations to these two estimable but decidedly unmanageable personages to come over and bring the Moderate Liberals with them, it is better to make the Moderate Liberals clearly understand the untrustworthiness of their leaders, and to leave them either to find new leaders more trustworthy or to come over by themselves. At any rate, the reproach that the Tory chief ridiculed one body of Whig leaders while he praised another is singularly inept. Lord SALISBURY praised the Dukes of WESTMINSTER and BEDFORD and their fellows for having and asserting exactly that courage of their opinions which he ridiculed Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GOSCHEN for not having. And the most noteworthy passage of his whole speech was that in which he distinctly stated that, if the Church can only be saved by Moderate Liberals who yet will not vote for Conservatives, let it be saved so. The contrast of this language with the language on the other side cannot be too often enforced.

The speaker trod on ground still more treacherous, and traversed it with an even bolder step, in that part of his speech which dealt with the depression of trade. Many Free-traders, from honest and, as far as its formation goes, intelligent and well-founded conviction, and nearly all Liberal wire-pullers, on purely party grounds, have erected the doctrines of Free-trade into a rigid doctrinal formula or set of formulas, *extra quam nulla salus*. They not only will admit no discussion of their fundamentals, but even the application of those fundamentals to particular cases is not to be questioned or investigated. The unfortunate offender against this kind of economic orthodoxy is treated very much like a prisoner for treason was treated by SCROGGS or JEFFREYS. His guilt is assumed; he may not call witnesses, or if he does, his witnesses are bullied and silenced; and his very attempts to prove that, though the law is an excellent law, he the accused is not guilty of transgressing it, are howled down. It is this singular and senseless fanaticism, worthier of the stupidest Protectionist of old days than of men who once pretended to rest, and have never openly abandoned the pretence of resting, their claims purely on argument, which Lord SALISBURY ridiculed and attacked on Wednesday. It is possible that the Free-trade Knownothings are unaware what real danger Lord SALISBURY had before his eyes. It is the opinion (and that opinion is not likely to be unknown to the PRIME MINISTER) of men who have the widest knowledge of the working classes both in town and country, that, if the depression of trade should continue, and if the present attitude of the extreme Free-trade advocates should be maintained, a most disastrous wave of Protectionism will before long pass over England. The cry will then be, not for discriminating retaliation, not for fighting bounties with countervailing duties and so forth, but for Protection pure and simple, not applied no doubt to agricultural produce (that will come later when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has established his peasant proprietary), but to manufactures of all kinds. In other words, the unreason of the ultramontanes of Free-trade will be met by a greater

unreason, and the whole commercial system of England will be jeopardized. It is too often forgotten that the original Free-trade movement was not a people's movement or a voters' movement at all, and that it was carried by classes and agencies which two successive extensions of the franchise have made comparatively powerless. Moreover, nothing gave it greater strength than the very same Knownothingness on the part of its opponents, the very same refusal even to consider facts and arguments which the Liberals, who are really using Free-trade as they pretend that Tories are using the Church, practise now. We believe it to be strictly the fact that the boycotting of the Royal Commission on Trade (little faith as we personally have in any such Commission) has done the Liberal party a great deal of harm already in the country. A continuance of the same policy can only, especially with the political changes now in progress, have worse results. Lord SALISBURY's handling of this matter would, if the Liberals were wise, be taken by them much more as a warning than as an attempt to make party capital. Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, speaking on the same day as Lord SALISBURY, remarked that "Free-trade was 'not an open question.'" He may be philosophically right, but he is politically wrong. He may depend upon it that nowadays any political party, and any political or social institution, which lays down such a doctrine will get the worst of it. There is a general writ of *quo warranto* out (we had thought, indeed, that it was the pride of the Liberal party to have brought this about), and Free-trade can as little expect to be exempted from its operation as the Church of England. The partisans of each and every doctrine must be ready to defend their position with any and every argument that may best meet the attack; and if they are not, so much the worse for them.

#### DISESTABLISHMENT.

IT is not to be wondered at that Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and their followers are, to all appearance, bitterly regretting that they did not let the sleeping dog of Disestablishment lie when they were arranging their election programme. A light comparison need not be inappropriate to a grave subject, and, for our parts, we know of no case so closely parallel to theirs as that of the famous Irishman who took a prisoner, and found that the prisoner "wouldn't let him go." The alarm of the assailants of the Church has now reached such a pitch that their principal organ in the London daily press is driven to retire sorrowfully from the discussion with the remark that "the friends of the 'Church of England are welcome to their opinion, which 'cannot alter facts.'" Most assuredly it cannot; neither can the declarations of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. What the facts are has already been stated here, and was vigorously re-stated by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Lord SALISBURY in their speeches this week. For months Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers on the platform, and the Liberation Society's paid agencies in the press, have been putting religious equality, the destruction of ecclesiastical privilege, and such points forward, if not foremost, in their political programme. Then came the remarkable inquiries of the *Record*, which, after the fullest corrections that the fears or the punctiliousness of the complainants require, showed that the very great majority of Liberal candidates at the coming election had been approached with, and that a great majority of that majority had, in a more or less guarded way, taken the pledge for Disestablishment, complete or partial, immediate or delayed. And then came Mr. GLADSTONE's formal Manifesto, devoting an entire page out of a total of only twenty-three in a document touching on the whole range of national affairs, home and foreign, to this very subject of Disestablishment, distinctly commending the subject to "thorough discussion," mentioning that "a current is slowly setting almost throughout the civilized world in this direction," consoling the victim beforehand as to the results of the victimizing "if that 'great modification of our inherited institutions shall be 'accomplished,' and only qualifying these hints by a refusal 'to forecast the dim and distant courses of the future,'" which, as Lord SALISBURY has shown, only means that Mr. GLADSTONE does not know what he may perhaps do the year after next. These things took place and became matter of public knowledge days and weeks before Lord SALISBURY uttered a word, before the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH wrote a line, in reply to the challenge. And, this being the simple and literal fact, the unalterable chronological order of

events, it must be considered as not a little amazing that men not merely of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's limitless effrontery, not merely of Mr. GLADSTONE's protean powers of evasion, but of Mr. JOHN MORLEY's straightforward character and Lord SPENCER's hitherto unquestioned uprightness, should publicly commit themselves to the statement that the agitation on this matter is the work of the Tories.

Mr. GLADSTONE's own attitude has, we know, surprised Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH; it must surely have caused a greater surprise to many other people that a man of Mr. SMITH's ability and experience should have found anything surprising in the matter. The labyrinthine involutions of Mr. GLADSTONE's moral judgment as applied to his own words and actions, and the simple and profound sincerity with which he believes that any construction inconvenient to himself that is put on those words and actions by others must be a wrong construction, are facts of politics which, it might have been thought, have passed beyond the period of discussion. Both these characteristics are displayed eminently in the remarkable epistle addressed by Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH, and answered by Mr. SMITH in a strain of affectionate expostulation which (if it is also other things) is sincerely and in no sarcastic intention touching. Mr. GLADSTONE, who, as we have seen, when dealing at length with Disestablishment in his Manifesto, spoke of the "current 'setting slowly in this direction almost throughout the 'civilized world,' who, while nominally refusing, had really permitted himself to forecast with more or less elaboration the result of the accomplishment of 'this modification of 'our institutions,' now says that 'the crisis has not arrived, 'and is not likely to arrive.'" He who had, according to the invariable construction placed upon one of the commonest of rhetorical artifices, recommended "thorough discussion" of the matter by the phrase "so vast a question cannot become 'practical until it shall have grown familiar to the public 'mind" by that thorough discussion, now deprecates the discussion as a "gross error." He accuses the Tories, who, as we have seen, merely took up the challenge flung them, of "forcing the subject forward," accuses them of it three or four times over, insinuates that their devotion to the Church is not only interested but insincere, and ends with an explosion of petulance by pronouncing the topic to which he had devoted a solid section of his address as "perfectly 'unreal.'" Even if it were not obvious that all this is a mere fencing with the demand for information as to his personal opinions on the matter, it would not be surprising that Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH, with an accent of genuine grief which must command respect, however unwise he may be considered for seeking grapes from thorns, deprecates the "cold 'and lifeless words" which are all that he has been able to extract from Mr. GLADSTONE; and that, with a chivalry rare just now on the side of politics to which Mr. SMITH belongs, he protests against the infamous insinuation that the Tories are employing the Church as Irish patriots employ the women of their villages in the van of their battle. After this correspondence with Mr. SMITH, it is not wonderful to find Mr. GLADSTONE informing an obscurer querist that he, the querist, is "the first person to have put" on the words of the Manifesto the sense which every intelligent man of all parties set on them long ago—namely, that he does not himself approve of the attack about to be made, but that it is useless to struggle against the current of opinion setting in its favour.

We ventured to hope a fortnight ago that the tactics of denial and evasion, of postponement and recrimination, which the Liberationists and this strange ally of theirs have adopted would not delude the defenders of the Church. It is a very pleasant task to notice the signs that there is little fear of this. The reference to Disestablishment in the ARCHBISHOPS' Election Address has been acknowledged even by un-friends to the Church to be in the highest degree moderate and dignified. But the very circumstances of the case make it necessary that moderation and dignity should be first consulted. Laymen are subject to no such disabling considerations, and the advice which, it put too definitely by the official heads of the Church's hierarchy, might have been twisted into a charge of partisanship, has come without any such danger in the weighty circular resulting from the correspondence of Lord GREY with Lord EGERTON of Tatton. The echoes of the unworthy outcry about a Tory device, which Mr. MORLEY has not scrupled to utter and Mr. GLADSTONE to endorse, must feel singularly uncomfortable in face of this document. The probability of the Duke of WESTMINSTER, of Lord SELBORNE, and of Mr. THOMAS HUGHES lending themselves to Tory dodges will not strike



the average Englishman as great. And it may be observed that the course of action recommended is precisely the same which was recommended here. Two distinguished members of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government (including his Chancellor), besides Mr. HUGHES, Lord PENZANCE, and Lord EBURY (we purposely mention only those signatories on whose Liberalism no shade of doubt has ever been thrown), distinctly advise Liberals to insist on a definite pledge of support to the Church, and distinctly hint, as we hinted, that there will be little difficulty in obtaining that pledge. It is scarcely wonderful that the chief organs of the late Government were afraid to comment on this paper when they published it. It is so far from being a party move that a Tory wirepuller, pure and simple, might be somewhat discomfited by the opportunity afforded in it to Liberal candidates to regain the deserters and secure the abstainers, who would otherwise have been diverted to the Tory party or at least from the Liberal. But the fact proves completely that Disestablishment is only a party question with one party. The sincere Radicals hate the Church for herself; the mere politicians, among whom, it is to be feared, Mr. GLADSTONE is to be now ranked, think that conquering with Disestablishment will secure them the Nonconformist and Secularist vote. But to nearly all Tories the preservation of the Church is not a means, but an end. The warmth with which Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH repudiates the charge that the Tories are "otherwise than passionately attached to the Church" is the more remarkable as shown by a Liberal, but it is absolutely justified by whomsoever it may have been shown. The people of England should not be slow to judge between the side whose leader, as Lord SALISBURY did on Wednesday, cheerfully recommends a plan which will restore doubtful Liberal votes to the Liberal party, and the side whose leaders make such a discreditable and unhistorical charge as that the Tories have originated for party purposes a movement which had its exclusive origin in the challenge wantonly put forward by the Radicals themselves.

#### THE MODERATE LIBERALS.

IT is not unlikely that the leaders of the Moderate Liberals will be deserted at the election by a large portion of their adherents. Lord HARTINGTON and some of his colleagues have expressed in recent speeches their natural repugnance to a separation from the Liberal party. As Mr. DICEY remarks in an excellent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, the difficulty is much less strongly felt by the Liberal rank and file. They have no similar reason for preferring ostensible consistency to their deepest convictions and to the welfare of the country. The extreme Radicals who have appropriated to themselves the designation of Liberals are irreconcilably opposed to the principles which have hitherto been associated with the name; yet Mr. GOSCHEN himself, though he is threatened by his nominal allies with exclusion from office and from Parliament, still clings to his old connexion, and dwells with deliberate emphasis on the comparatively trifling differences which prevent him from joining the Conservative party. Lord HARTINGTON's excuse for continuing to act with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is rather far-fetched than ingenious. He contends that the revolutionary measures which have been announced have nothing to do with Liberal doctrines, and that Socialists are not properly said to be an advanced section of the Liberal party. In the meantime by supporting candidates who are pledged to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's programme he vouches for their orthodoxy as members of the party, and to the utmost of his power increases their numerical strength. If the ultra-Radical section feels itself in a majority, Lord HARTINGTON's protest against predatory legislation will be wholly disregarded. Lord HARTINGTON himself intimated that his fidelity to party allegiance may at some future time not prove to be inexhaustible. His reservation of contingent independence already exposes him to the sneers of Radical journalists.

Lord HARTINGTON and other members of the late Government are using all their efforts to procure the return of candidates of whom a large majority is pledged not to their opinions, but to the anarchical doctrines of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. There is not even a binding agreement as to the order in which important questions are to be brought within the range of practical politics. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, has selected four matters which are to take precedence, because it is thought that they will

not necessarily precipitate the rupture between the two sections of their party. Mr. MORLEY thinks that the same result will be promoted by the postponement of Disestablishment during the term of the coming Parliament; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has, with his usual candour, promised the enemies of the Church that, if opportunity favours, the attack shall be made without delay. If the political Nonconformists find that there is a reasonable chance of immediate success, they will not be bound by the language now used by Mr. MORLEY, or by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. Lord HARTINGTON is distinctly pledged to vote against Disestablishment in the next Parliament; but his opposition will have little weight when he has gratuitously guarded himself against the assumption that he is not at liberty to support such a measure in ten, or perhaps in five, years. On the general question he follows Mr. GLADSTONE's example in disclaiming any definite opinion. The Liberationists will not fail to infer that the absence of positive conviction is equivalent to an admission that the existence of a national Church is an open question. Mr. GLADSTONE's angry protest against Lord SALISBURY's challenge to the enemies of the Establishment is apparently provoked by the disturbance of an arrangement which suits the purpose of the Liberal party.

Of Mr. GLADSTONE's four subjects of legislation, some raise no distinct or important issue. He has not explained his proposed changes in the system of registration; but he probably intends, under cover of a readjustment of machinery, to effect some additional extension of the franchise. A further deterioration of the representative system will be generally regarded with indifference, if not with equanimity; and any useful object which can be attained by a new system of registration ought to be equally acceptable to both parties. There is no innovation to which Mr. GLADSTONE attaches greater importance than an increased stringency of the rules of Parliamentary procedure. The whole Liberal party will submit to any restrictions which may be imposed on freedom of debate; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's followers will be especially zealous in the cause. Their proposals for the further degradation of the House of Commons by the payment of members may, without inconvenience, be held for the moment in reserve. The two great measures which remain are at the same time important and undefined. The reconstruction of the law relating to land and the organization of local government may be either framed on sound principles or so contrived as to involve the concession of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's revolutionary demands. He will scarcely obtain the concurrence of his party in the immediate introduction of the French system of compulsory division of property; but he will be supported by many members in an application to Great Britain of the theories embodied in the Irish Land Act. There will be no strong opposition to measures for simplifying tenure, and consequently facilitating transfer; but no Moderate Liberal, except, perhaps, those who belong to the school of Lord HARTINGTON, will consent to make landlords mere annuitants on their estates. For the present no confidence can be felt in the wisdom and justice of the most prominent land reformers.

The discussion on local government will be not less fertile in opportunities for advancing the doctrines of modern Socialism. All parties are agreed on the expedience or necessity of transferring the administration of county business to elective bodies; and since the last change in the franchise it would be impossible to establish any other basis of election than household suffrage. Differences will first arise when the Government of the time defines by a Bill the number and character of the local assemblies, and the powers which they are to exercise. Sir CHARLES DILKE lately expounded an elaborate system of District and County Boards, at the same time strangely reserving to non-representative bodies some of the most important functions. It is not known whether his open vestries, consisting of all the ratepayers of a parish, are the result of his own ingenuity or of the opinion of his party. The strongest argument for rural municipalities is founded on the comparative success of the town Corporations. Borough government has for half a century been found, on the whole, useful and effective, though the members of Town Councils are now almost universally selected on political grounds. The securities provided by law against maladministration of their funds have been found sufficient, and it might have been supposed that rural Corporations would, with necessary alterations, be designed after their model. It now appears that the Municipal Corporations Act is to be superseded by more

ambitious legislation, and that both new and old municipalities are to form petty local parliaments. It is in the assignment of their functions to urban and rural municipalities that wide differences of opinion will be disclosed. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes that the Boards should have large powers of readjusting at their pleasure the tenure of landed property by a process of compulsory purchase at a reduced rate, for the purpose of redistribution among favoured grantees of allotments and of farms. When Lord HARTINGTON declares that the conflict which he knows to be inevitable is not yet imminent, he forgets that the whole question of Socialism will be involved in the provisions of the Local Government Bill.

Although it is difficult after long experience to believe that Lord HARTINGTON will at any time separate himself from the party of destruction, he has not, like one of his colleagues, busied himself with the elaboration of excuses for Socialist legislation. Lord DERBY takes the trouble to enumerate all the anomalous exceptions to the general spirit of English law and practice, for the purpose of contending that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's extravagant proposals are not without justification in precedent. Compulsory purchase is authorized by special legislation, and, for a few public purposes, by general Acts; and, therefore, Lord DERBY is not shocked by the suggestion that Local Boards should be authorized to convert into freeholders, at the risk of the ratepayers, an indefinite number of landless claimants. In the same spirit Lord DERBY cites the allowances which are made in the Income-tax and the House-tax to the less wealthy class as reasons for tolerating the Jacobinical or Communist system of graduated taxation. His immediate object is, of course, rather to remove the scruples of Liberal voters for Radical candidates than to defend Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme of iniquitous legislation. A body of laws founded on all the quibbles and contradictions which could be found in existing codes would be as reasonable and as valuable as Lord DERBY's apology for Socialism. The same mode of reasoning was, according to POPE, applied by his candid friends to his personal constitution and appearance. He was told that "he coughed like HORACE, and that like ALEXANDER he was lean and short," but his critics failed to elicit his gratitude. On the contrary, he called them "Kind friends—to let me see All that disgraced my betters met in me," and he anticipated that when he died they would "let him know, Great HOMER died three thousand years ago." It remains to be seen whether Lord DERBY will convert Lord HARTINGTON to a belief in compulsory purchase by Local Boards and to graduated taxation.

#### THE POETICAL WORKS OF ELIZA ARMSTRONG.

MR. THACKERAY never published his contemplated "History of Eminent British and Foreign Washerwomen." Had he done so, he could not have omitted MARGARET NICHOLSON, perhaps the most remarkable washerwoman of modern times. SHELLEY, however, took what care he might of this great neglected reputation, and gave to the world and the ages a finely-arranged volume of MARGARET NICHOLSON's poems—*Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*, edited by JOHN FITZVICTOR. Not less careful of the poetic reputation of DAVID HUME was Sir WALTER SCOTT in purpose, but, alas! he procrastinated, and the *Poems of HUME*, with notes, prolegomena, and a biographical and critical introduction to the lines "Here godless boys God's glories squall" remained among Sir WALTER's Century of Unfulfilled Inventions. The hour has come to rescue from oblivion, and equip in a seemly and annotated volume, the *Poetical Works of ELIZA ARMSTRONG*. The world has been presented with a number of versions of the most considerable fragment from ELIZA's early pen; but now it seems that corrupt readings have been introduced, and conjectural emendations. In the lyrics of a poet who may say, like TERPES's son, the family bard of ODYSSEUS, "None but myself has taught me, and the god has put into my heart all manner of lays," we should not be satisfied with a mere cold literary version. SCOTT and Bishop PERCY thrust too many modernisms into the Folio and the *Border Minstrelsy*; we prefer, and ought to receive, the ballads of the people in the form which the people's poet gave them. We have much pleasure in printing what appears to be an authentic version of a lyric more widely read, it is certain, than the new volume of Lord TENNYSON can hope to be. Here follows a copy from Miss ARMSTRONG's

original manuscript of her best known performance in letters:—

As I was in bed  
Some little forths gave in my head,  
I forth of one, I forth of two,  
First of all I forth of you.

[Thirteen crosses for kisses.]

There is something exquisitely fresh, artless, and touching in this little *skolion*, as we may call it, in all the irregularity of its amphibrachic rhythm and School Board spelling. Observe Miss ARMSTRONG's psychological theory that "forth" (as she calls them) *give*, or *break*, in the human brain. Where she writes, "I forth of one, I forth of two," it is not plain that "over-pressure" has not been at work. Perhaps we should read, "I fourth of one, I fourth of two," and CURTIUS, we believe, holds that Fractions and the Multiplication Table had got mixed up in the author's mind with poetical composition. This theory is learned and plausible, nor can one deny that the combination of an hypothesis of "Over-pressure" with one of Social Purity greatly adds to the complexity and charm of the very agreeable, if prolonged, discussion, perhaps we should say *Symposium*, at the Central Criminal Court. In any case, the editor, whoever he may be, of the earlier editions of ELIZA's poem, printed, *periculo suo*, "thoughts" for "forth," and "I thought" for "I forth." WELCKER, in his truculent way, and in his edition (Bonn, 1885), writes "putidissime sciolus, thoughts," language which scholars, of all people, should long since have discarded. We are not in the age of SCALIGER—very far from it—but of MAHAFFY; not of SALMASIUS, but of WHITNEY. Scholarship should retain the amenity and gentleness remarked in the writings of those eminent philologues. It appears to be admitted, unluckily, that changes have been made in ELIZA ARMSTRONG's MS. In the interests of English literature, and of a popular writer (like ELIZA ARMSTRONG), we cannot too much deprecate any tampering with poetical documents. We expect from the original editor an edition worthy to be placed with Mr. BUXTON FORMAN's *Shelley*. The pedants who see in ELIZA's verse and prose nothing but the abject failure of the School Board to teach spelling and grammar are unworthy of our serious consideration.

#### MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE election of one-third of the members of Town Councils has on some former occasions been watched by party politicians with considerable interest. On the present occasion the excitement has been perceptibly diminished by the approach of the Parliamentary election. Apparently neither the local managers nor the body of voters have had sufficient energy to prosecute two separate contests at nearly the same time and place. Accordingly the reports from several boroughs contain the satisfactory remark that the municipal election was not conducted on political grounds. It would be well if the same statement were universally true; but unluckily the example of Birmingham, which presents the most scandalous instance of party intolerance, is followed in the majority of boroughs. Theorists and agitators who make speeches about the organization of local government repeat with tedious iteration the assertion that municipal employment offers the best training for statesmen. The County Boards or Councils of the future, which are perhaps intended to swamp or supersede the urban Corporations, will, it is said, bring out the legislative and administrative aptitudes of candidates and members. As soon as the Bill is passed, the wire-pullers will arrange their lists without the smallest regard either to capacity for local business or to the higher qualities of possible statesmen. The Caucus in every district will, to the best of its power, reduce to the lowest point the independence of its nominees; and it will be well if future journalists find occasional opportunities of announcing that here and there political considerations have exercised no influence on the elections. Although municipal functions have not usually served as a training-school for Ministers and leaders of Opposition, it is true that they have, on the whole, been discharged with fidelity and reasonable efficiency. Town Councillors who have been recommended to the favour of their constituents by their political professions not unfrequently find local business more interesting and more intelligible than party cries. While they render useful service to their respective towns in Council and in Committee, their paid officers control the



general policy of the Corporations with little reference to party interests.

As municipal elections are still for the most part conducted on political grounds, it is allowable to observe with a certain feeling of satisfaction that the Conservatives have on this occasion obtained considerable gains. They have succeeded in increasing their total representation in the Corporations; and some of their victories have been obtained in towns of the greatest population. They could scarcely hope to defeat the elaborate organization of the Birmingham Caucus, but they have gained four seats at Manchester and as many at Salford. It is possible that an addition of new wards to the city of Manchester may account for the increase in the number of Conservative members; and it is not too much to conjecture that some of the burgesses of Salford may find Mr. ARNOLD's activity and fluency more or less oppressive. A more general reason is probably to be found in the general secession of the middle class from the party which has lately tampered with Socialism. For several years the occupiers of villas and of the better class of ornamental cottages have in almost all suburban places formed the Conservative party. The same movement may perhaps now extend to clerks and shopmen residing in districts of an intermediate character. The principal difference between municipal and Parliamentary elections consists in the separate representation of wards in urban Corporations. In most trading and manufacturing towns, extensive and wholesale business has a tendency to fix itself in the centre of population, and consequently the occupiers of offices and counting-houses are often in a position to return the members for the ward. The same class of persons occupy the most attractive parts of the suburbs, and therefore exercise influence in outlying wards. The humbler traders and the artisans form the majority in the more crowded parts of the town, and it may be assumed that they generally incline to the party which is considered the more popular. On the whole, the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* as it exists for municipal purposes affords a more complete representation than the Parliamentary *Scrutin de liste*, by securing a fair representation to the minority. The Democratic party will probably exert themselves against the extension to rural councils of a security for freedom.

The existing Corporations, though they contain a certain number of adventurers and demagogues, consist for the most part of respectable and substantial citizens qualified to manage the local affairs of themselves and their neighbours. If the highest class of merchants or bankers sometimes holds itself aloof from municipal office, their places are supplied by tradesmen and professional men. The social position of members of County Councils can only be ascertained by future experience. Mr. GLADSTONE in his programme expressed with good taste and good feeling a hope that the gentry, after a long and faithful administration of county business, would continue to discharge similar functions as elected representatives of the community. Some of his late colleagues are likely to entertain a very different opinion of the competency and claims of Justices of the Peace. Mr. TREVELYAN in his passionate worship of the multitude lately complained of the preference which has hitherto been accorded by universal custom and by statute law to the class which has, for the most part, held the commission of the peace. As the legal qualification consists in the possession of land, it is not surprising that Lord-Lieutenants have appointed landowners who are also, for the most part, persons of the highest social position in the county. It is true that they are not required to prove their knowledge of law, and that they generally learn their duties from their more experienced colleagues. Many English and foreign constitutional writers have admired the ancient practice of entrusting the discharge of important duties to unpaid functionaries. If Mr. TREVELYAN charges the county justices with incompetence or with graver faults, he has brought no facts in support of the accusation. He probably forgot that in boroughs the justices belong to the trading and professional classes, who are, as he asserts, unjustly excluded from the Commission in counties. He added that working-men were never raised to the Bench, and it is true that they could not legally be appointed. It is impossible to carry party prejudice to a higher point than the suggestion that artisans and labourers ought to be entrusted with judicial functions; yet Mr. TREVELYAN was not propounding a theoretical paradox for the purpose of gaining the suffrages of the mob. He actually boasted that, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster,

he had appointed some working-men as magistrates; and it may be inferred that he will, in any office which he may hold hereafter, indulge in equally mischievous eccentricities. Mr. TREVELYAN is not one of the calculating courtiers of the mob, for the very extravagance of his partisanship goes far to prove his sincerity; but he seems never to test his conclusions by reference to practical expediency or to justice, and he is consequently deluded by every show of superficial symmetry.

Some of the notices of the municipal elections end with a conventional expression of regret that London, with its four millions of inhabitants, is not included in the returns. Metropolitan patriotism, if such a sentiment existed, would have to console itself with the School Board elections, which took place within a day or two of the municipal returns. A year or two hence the new Corporation may perhaps be installed in office, and the ancient government of the City may have disappeared. If the Liberals have returned to power, the system will probably be framed on the principle of Sir W. HARCOURT's Bill, with the important addition of the novel powers which are to be conferred on all local governing bodies. It will indeed scarcely be possible to provide allotments or small farms for the inhabitants of London; but the extended attributes of rural and urban Corporations cannot be withheld from the Common Council. There will be many places to give away, and much public plunder to distribute; and probably some of the subordinate agitators for the incorporation of the metropolis may not be disappointed of the salaries by which they hope to be compensated for their trouble. Time will show whether the establishment of a Central Government over a district as populous as Scotland is convenient or safe. It is of the highest importance that Parliament should secure to itself and to the national Administration the control of the Metropolitan Police. The experiment is involved in uncertainty, and it will at the best end in disappointment. The Caucus, in every ward or municipal district, will strive to render local interests subordinate to party intrigues. It will be found that London has none of the unity of interests which exists in the largest provincial towns as in Liverpool or Glasgow. The central Caucus will inevitably endeavour to assume to itself political functions, and perhaps it may become even more formidable if it succeeds in controlling the Parliamentary elections for the metropolis. According to the schemes of some projectors, the new Corporation will absorb into itself the powers of the School Board and of the Poor-law authorities. The pretensions of the provincial Corporations have hitherto been comparatively modest.

#### THE REVOLVER AGAIN.

THE recent burglary and murder in Cumberland enforce an old lesson in an extremely emphatic way. The death of Constable BYRNE and the injuries inflicted on two other policemen show once more that the criminal classes are wiser in their generation than Governments or Legislatures. They know very well that burglary is not a business in which it is safe for unarmed men to take part, and they are always prepared to shoot rather than surrender. The men who escaped from Netherby Hall fired freely on the police as they made away. They would with equal coolness have shot Sir FREDERICK GRAHAM or any member of his family who had happened to come across their path. The method of these marauders is perfectly simple. They have a constitutional objection to being hanged, and they will not break the Sixth Commandment for nothing. They got into Netherby Hall at dinner-time, and when Lady HERMIONE GRAHAM's maid disturbed them in her mistress's bedroom, they bolted with stars and earrings, but without Lady HERMIONE's extensive stock of jewel-cases. Then the police were telegraphed for, the roads were watched, and the serious work of the night began. Sergeant ROCHE and Constable JOHNSTONE stopped four men on the Carlisle road, with the result that both ROCHE and JOHNSTONE were shot at and wounded. The splendid courage of the police, which is above praise, makes the pity of it the greater. Why should the protectors of life and property be compelled to confront their avowed assailants on terms of such hopeless inequality? Wise objection was taken long ago to the Devil having all the good tunes. Is it any more reasonable that the burglars should have all the good weapons? Poor BYRNE was ruthlessly slaughtered in the execution of his duty. He had no more chance than a pigeon

at Hurlingham. He challenged three men at Plumpton, who were suspected of being the Netherby gang, and was immediately shot through the head with a revolver. The three men have fortunately been captured. The railway officials displayed commendable alacrity. Armed with sticks, they seized two of the fugitives at Tebay, and the third was run down at Lancaster. Thus three ruffians were arrested, with the loss of one policeman killed and two wounded.

The shocking hardships which English constables have to undergo are a disgrace to the country. For they are perfectly remediable. In the first place, the police should be not only armed, but trained to the use of arms. In the second place, corporal punishment should be inflicted on all criminals who use firearms, either to help them in committing their offences or to resist their lawful apprehension. The tables must be turned. Instead of a defenceless constabulary at the mercy of well-armed and highly-organized bodies of cracksmen, we must have policemen armed to the teeth, at least for night duty; and we must, if possible, make their opponents afraid to shoot. At present, if one man knocks another down, and takes sixpence out of his pocket, he may be flogged as well as imprisoned. But if he wounds half a dozen constables in escaping from premises which he has burglariously entered, his skin cannot be touched. He has not committed "robbery with violence." Could anything be more absurd? Flogging, it is true, was introduced to stop garrotting, which it did. If shooting the police becomes equally common, as it has, why should it not be put down in the same way? The Netherby burglary is not a solitary instance of the lengths to which the promiscuous abuse of the revolver has gone. The police reports for the last week have been full of cases where desperate ruffians or drunken idiots have indulged themselves in shooting, or threatening to shoot, to the danger of their families or the public. In one court there were three charges of this nature on three consecutive days. For rowdies of such a type some short and sharp punishment is required. For professional and violent law-breakers the cat must be added to the cell. At Plumpton, of course, murder was committed, and hanging still retains its terrors. But in most instances there is no actual loss of life, and penal servitude is not enough—'twill not serve.

#### ADMIRALTY REORGANIZATION.

SOME amount of sympathy is due to the attempts which are being made in a rather feeble way to extort some statement as to what is to be done in the Admiralty from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON or Mr. RITCHIE. Those of us who take an interest in the subject without waiting to be scared are naturally anxious to hear, and the time does seem to have come when something might be said. Inquiries have been made by the Admiralty for a considerable time and in every direction. If they are ever going to produce any result, they must have done so already. None the less, it is very doubtful whether anything to the purpose will be got out of the First Lord or his colleagues just yet awhile. Whatever they choose to give would necessarily have to be given in one of two ways. They would either publish the reports of the Committees employed in inquiring into the management of different branches of the department or say what they themselves propose to do on examination of the evidence. It is not likely that either course will be taken, for the present at least. The publication of reports by Departmental Committees is by no means the rule, and it might, indeed, very easily lead to inconvenience. As for telling the City and the world what they mean to do, that is not a course likely to commend itself to the present Board of Admiralty, even if they know their own mind, which remains to be proved. Appeals are being made to Lord GEORGE HAMILTON to say or do something, if only to make hay while the sun is still shining. From the purely party point of view it might be a wise course to take; but the Admiralty has been managed in that spirit quite long enough, and with results we have no reason to regard with satisfaction. If the First Lord is waiting to find out what ought to be done before drawing up a scheme of reform of his own, he is taking a course which is quite businesslike enough for any but the most ardent spirits. For the rest, whether the scheme is ready or not, there are reasons of a very intelligible kind why the Board should be in no hurry to publish it at once. It would be no great gain for the navy that schemes for modifying its administration should be brought out for electioneering purposes. Neither is there any temptation to

sin in this way for the present. The country wants a good navy—at least so everybody says, and nobody denies it—but there is no proof that it as yet distrusts the inclination or the ability of the present Board of Admiralty to supply one. It shows every sign of being very easy in its mind on the subject.

In the meantime, without waiting to hear what the First Lord or any of his colleagues have to say as to what ought to be done with the Admiralty, anybody who cares to inquire can form a pretty shrewd guess at what is necessary for himself. The mere names of the Committees lately or still engaged in collecting evidence and preparing reports are full of instruction. There is Admiral GRAHAM's Committee on Dockyard Expenditure, there is the Finance Departmental Committee, and there is the Departmental Committee on Reorganization. With the help of memory and a little attention to published facts, it is possible to decide without hesitation and with safety that the mere existence of these Committees shows the need of three reforms in the Admiralty. If expenditure in the dockyards is being looked into, it must be because money is wasted on stores or labour, which is a thing very easy to be believed. A Finance Departmental Committee would not have been formed at all, if there had been any means of exercising a proper financial control in the Admiralty which, as was shown in the case of the famous blunder, is not the case. As for the Departmental Committee on Reorganization, the familiar double word red-tape accounts for its existence quite sufficiently. The Admiralty must be incomparably better than its reputation if a great deal of time is not spent uselessly in sending documents to and fro, or in keeping business waiting, because the forms of the office require it to go through innumerable hands before it can be settled. This is, however, comparatively speaking, a matter of small importance. It is absurd and injurious to the public service that business should be delayed by the difficulty of setting the complicated machinery of the department in motion, but what is worse is that public money should be ill spent. On this point there can be no doubt. The appointment of the Dockyard and the Finance Committees, with the approval of everybody, even of the Admiralty officials, would be proof enough even if the thing were not otherwise abundantly known. These bodies are both, in fact, engaged in investigating the same subject. Admiral GRAHAM's Committee has, it is to be presumed, a commission to inquire into everything in connexion with the dockyards, but its main purpose is to find how the work done can be made to correspond better with the money spent. That also is the object of the Finance Committee. Its immediate duty is to suggest some change in the organization of the office by which the audit of the public accounts may be made effectual, but when this is done one of the duties of the new department will be to check the outlay in the dockyards. The size and multiplicity of the business entrusted to the Admiralty may make it necessary to conduct parallel inquiries, but both of these Committees are engaged in the same work. They are trying to find how money can be prevented from slipping through the fingers of the officials employed to spend it. There is no need to write, as some are in the habit of doing, as if Admiralty officials were either wilfully careless or dishonest. No fair-minded man believes that they are; but the fact remains that the administration of the navy is by general confession wasteful. It is not only not so economical as a private enterprise, which is perhaps too much to ask from a Government department, but it is more wasteful than even a Government department has any right to be.

In what way the waste takes place it would be premature to say, and an inexperienced inquirer might find it impossible to discover how one single penny too much is spent from one year's end to another. All who have had any dealing with Government know what elaborate precautions seem to be taken to prevent improper spending of money or misuse of stores. If sending out heaps of blue forms all nicely ruled and carefully numbered were enough to secure economy, this country ought to be very cheaply served. We know that it is not, and the nature of the Committees of inquiry shows why. It is simply because there is no independent authority whose duty it is to see that all the expenditure is properly checked. This was proved very clearly as regards the head office in London, and the same may be presumed to be the case in the dockyards. If the First Lord of the Admiralty can override his Accountant-General, the superintendents of the dockyards can probably do the same with the smaller official who fills the corre-



sponding post under them. It would be interesting to know exactly how it is done, and for that reason it is to be hoped that the Report of Admiral GRAHAM's Committee will be published. The most effectual of all ways of securing the improvements in administration which everybody professes to wish for would be to show clearly how much they are needed, and what exactly are the evils they are designed to cure. If, however, it is found inconvenient to publish this Report, we shall be quite satisfied if the necessary measures to pull the crooked things straight are taken within a reasonable time. In one form or another the process of reform must take the shape of the establishment of some machinery for the exercise of an independent financial control. When something of the kind is provided at the Admiralty, we shall know that the task of stopping the waste of public money is being taken in hand in earnest. For the present, it would greatly increase our belief in the power and the will of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON to bring about this devoutly-wished-for consummation if he would state distinctly what is being done with the hired cruisers. It has been said, and it is not denied, that they are being handed back to their owners even before their charter-parties are exhausted, and at a sacrifice. The Admiralty may have some good reason to give for this measure; but it has not yet done so. None of the various ways in which money has been wasted on our spending departments has been more fruitful of loss than the old and ruinous trick of buying things at the last moment at a high price and then hurrying to get rid of them in a glutted market as soon as the immediate need for them is over. This would seem to be what is being done with the armed cruisers. Nobody suggests that these vessels should be permanently kept in the navy; but there can be no excuse for hastening to get rid of them just when they might prove useful. Transports are being taken up in Burmah, and will assuredly be needed there for some time. They will have to be paid for, and highly too. The work might have been done by some of the hired cruisers, and yet just at this moment the Admiralty is getting rid of these vessels, and, as their charter-parties had still some time to run, is doubtless paying heavily to be allowed to wash its hands of them. If the money must be spent, it would be more economically outlaid in keeping the vessels. When Lord GEORGE HAMILTON declared a little while ago that he would, in spite of all prophecies to the contrary, do great things for the improvement of the Admiralty, he would have given weight to his words by explaining how this piece of waste—for that is what it looks like on the surface—can be reconciled with his excellent intentions.

#### LORD IDDESLEIGH ON DESULTORY READING.

LORD IDDESLEIGH is an excellent financier. He is also a very shrewd political observer and critic. But those who read his charming Address to the students of Edinburgh University the other day may be tempted, especially if they remember his brilliant lecture at Exeter on "Nothing," to believe that he missed his vocation when he went into the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE is always the Parliamentary debater, even when he is discussing the authenticity of the Book of Genesis. BACON, said HARVEY, wrote about science like a Lord Chancellor. But Lord IDDESLEIGH writes about literature less like a Chancellor of the Exchequer than a man of letters. He might have made his living by the pen, if he had been condemned to that form of drudgery. When Mr. LOWELL was in England, it was the fashion to say that no native Englishman could approach him as a deliverer of literary discourses. There seemed to be a painful amount of truth in the unflattering remark. But Mr. LOWELL has now a formidable rival in Lord IDDESLEIGH. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD is of course happy in whatever he undertakes, excepting only politics, theology, and the definition of poetry. The present LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has been known to delight a provincial audience by his meditations on the poetry of WORDSWORTH. Lord IDDESLEIGH, however, was addressing a critical and an academic gathering. It was not permitted him to be commonplace, and he certainly did not give himself license to be dull. Perhaps the greatest charm of Lord IDDESLEIGH's performance was, to speak paradoxically, its pointlessness. Like MONTAIGNE and the *Roundabout Papers*, it meandered leisurely hither and thither. Like the monologue of S. T. C., it flowed not anywhere like a river, but everywhere like a lake. Ought

not a lecture on desultoriness to be desultory? Or is that a fallacy after the fashion of "Who drives fat oxen should 'himself be fat'?" Lord IDDESLEIGH's listeners will not have asked this question, or perhaps any other, except how soon he would come again. Scotch students are accustomed to hortatory and didactic Lord Rectors, from THOMAS CARLYLE down to Lord REAY, which is a "vara conseederable" descent. They are less used, perhaps, to the easy, flowing talk of a man of books who is also a man of affairs.

Lord IDDESLEIGH did not succeed in striking, nor seek to strike, the stars with his sublime head. The passage which he quoted from CARLYLE's famous address on a similar occasion has the stamp of genius which it is not within Lord IDDESLEIGH's power to affix. Nor did he, like MILL at St. Andrew's, touch on the mysteries of existence, the true significance of the world. It is not wise for ordinary mortals to tread these heights when their movements are exposed to the public gaze. It is "not in the lucid intervals 'of life,' between Parliamentary divisions and Ministerial crises, that men acquire the right to speak as prophets and teachers of their generation. What Lord IDDESLEIGH did was to show how much a man may cultivate his mind, how thorough an acquaintance he may retain with the best thoughts of all ages, how vivid may be his interests and how keen his humour, while he is apparently absorbed in the round of party politics. Lord IDDESLEIGH's graceful essay may be called in one sense an apology for desultory readers. We all know how angry GEORGE III. made the learned author of an "Apology for the Bible" by saying, "The Bible, sir, requires no apology." Desultory readers are not disposed to speak with bated breath and whispering humbleness of their favourite pursuit. On the contrary, they would, if made the mark for pedantic criticism, be disposed to imitate the conduct of the painter when his visitor went on repeating and explaining that there was nothing worth seeing in Italy. The painter made no attempt to argue the matter, but only muttered from time to time under his breath, "Poor devil, poor devil!" The desultory reader would not pay his critic the compliment of rational opposition. But, in the other sense of the word, Lord IDDESLEIGH made a very pretty apology for a practice which he has evidently pursued with constancy and success. He never read more novels, he says, than when he was reading for the schools, where he got, as he omitted to mention, a first class. If Lord IDDESLEIGH had ever had to review novels, he would speak of them less enthusiastically. Concerning poetry, Lord IDDESLEIGH said a good and timely thing. "A man may not be able to 'make himself a poet, and I am sure we would all join in 'praying that he may never try; but he may be able to 'train himself to love and to understand the poetry of 'others.' The 'poetry of others' is a form of altruism which WORDSWORTH despised, and which Lord LYTTON has abused. It is to be hoped that most of Lord IDDESLEIGH's hearers will content themselves with the 'poetry of others,' and that they will read it for the desultory purpose of enjoyment, not for the businesslike purpose of plagiarism.

#### LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THAT popular sense of fitness which is gratified by encounters between Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has doubtless something to say for itself. There is a certain superficial resemblance between the relations of the two politicians to their respective parties, which, though often exaggerated, is not to be denied; and though it would be extremely unjust to the former to compare his controversial method in all respects with that of the latter, they are at least alike in the one characteristic which is most apt to catch the popular eye. Both men delight in hard hitting, and, as both are from different reasons in the habit of presenting peculiar temptations to an assailant, they are naturally brought into frequent collision with each other. When by chance it happens that they deliver their blows simultaneously, and, so to speak, at different parts of each other's person, the effect upon the spectators is exceptionally inspiring. In such a case, where attack is unembarrassed by exigencies of defence, there is nothing to distract the attention of the connoisseur from the combatants' vigour of polemical muscle and quickness of dialectical eye. Lord RANDOLPH

CHURCHILL and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have, in the language of an almost lost art, "countered" heavily during the past week at Worcester and Birmingham respectively—the latter speaker sneering at the contrast between his opponent's first, or unofficial, and second, or official, manner; and the former exposing, with considerably more of practical effect, the part really taken by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in raising that Disestablishment controversy which Mr. GLADSTONE so much deprecates and which his rash lieutenant is himself almost as anxious to allay. As to the Birmingham orator's specific quotation of one of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's earlier invectives against Mr. BRIGHT, it would be enough to say, without defending the rhetorical taste of the passage, that its apparent truculence might have been perceived, by any one with the slightest critical perception, to have been feigned for purposes of humorous effect—an account which could not possibly be given of the cold and studied insolence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's own well-remembered attack on Lord BEACONSFIELD. And, as to the general charge of moderating when in office the language used in Opposition, a member of the late Cabinet would do well to remember who was the author of the famous phrase about utterances made in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility," and with what circumstances of far greater political gravity than could attach to any mere breach of good manners or the apology for it that phrase was composed and employed.

Passing away, then, from the merely personal effect of these hits at each other, and looking at the substance of their polemics, there can hardly be a doubt as to which of the two has had the best of it. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has not, indeed, been the first to trace the Disestablishment controversy to its real source; but we owe it to him to have put the true history of the dispute in the clearest and most effective form in which it has yet been presented to the public. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may have thought himself well employed at Birmingham in recalling the inconsistencies and extravagances of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's language; but Lord RANDOLPH himself was at that moment doing far better business at Worcester for himself and his party, and inflicting far more damage on his adversary, by pointing out whose hand it was that first stirred up the waters of that bitterest of all political strife. Mr. GLADSTONE must have forgotten when he wrote his recent letters to Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH, or must have imagined that the world has forgotten, the rash attempt of his lieutenant to incorporate the programme of the Liberation Society with that of the Liberal party at the very commencement of the electoral campaign. It was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who first alarmed Churchmen "by pointing to the Church of England as a body "which was to be disestablished and disendowed in order that "funds might be procured for the support of free education." He made this statement, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has well reminded the public, "more than once, "and he made it in the plainest possible language." Others, like Mr. TREVELYAN, have since taken up the cry; but it was Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's voice which was the first to be heard. It was his challenge that led to that singular but most instructive interrogation of Liberal candidates which has yielded such startling results, and which has so thoroughly awakened Churchmen to the necessity of organizing for the defence of the Establishment. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's too-vivacious attack on Mr. BRIGHT was delivered less recently than the Scotch speeches of the Radical leader, and it differs from them by as much as imprudent self-exposure on the part of a cavalry commander differs from the blundering tactics of a general of division who has led a whole army corps into a trap. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his staff are as conscious of the hideous mistake which has been committed as were NAPOLEON III. and his Marshals at Sedan; and they are making a desperate effort—though by negotiation instead of fighting—to extricate themselves from it. They have again and again beseeched the country to believe that it was only Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's "way of putting it"; and that if he spoke of Disestablishment in language which seemed to imply that it was near at hand, it is simply because he sees the "dim and distant courses" of futurity with a magnificent clearness which insensibly colours his language. There is a "prophetic present" of the future, and there is an "historic present" of the past. The friends of the Church of England may lie down again and take their rest; for their cherished institution is in no danger for the moment. Let them look at Mr. GLADSTONE's Manifesto again, and reassure themselves—a task, however, which, since Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN last spoke on the subject, will be rendered somewhat more difficult to them by Lord SALISBURY's unkind and irregular reference to Mr. GLADSTONE's letter of 1865, in which he spoke of the disestablishment of the Irish Church as "a question lying at a distance which "he could not measure." It is fortunate, indeed, that events have supplied us with so exact a modulus of the immeasurable. "Immense breadth of light and shade "on that mountain-side," once observed an enthusiastic virtuoso to a matter-of-fact friend, who replied, after a moment's mental calculation, "Yes; about three inches "and a half." In the same way, we know now that the "immeasurable distance," to which Mr. GLADSTONE finds it impossible to carry his mind forward, is exactly two years and three-quarters. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's commander-in-chief, therefore, can scarcely be counted on to rescue him and his followers from the dangerous position into which he has led them. His tactical blunder is, in fact, irretrievable, and the less he says on the subject of "things which one would rather not have said," the wiser we shall consider him.

After all, however, he is, as he has always been, his own best commentator, and not even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can portray him so effectively as he delineates himself. The speech on which we have been commenting is full of instructive indications of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's peculiar qualities. It shows, in the first place, how uncomfortably conscious he is of the necessity of at least greater show of unity among the Liberal party, and with what remarkable flexibility he can respond to the demand. His approving references to the four points of Mr. GLADSTONE's Manifesto, and his further gracious offer to waive his own proposal of graduated taxation in favour of whatever alternative scheme of ROBIN HOOD finance may be devised by his "master and "teacher in this science"—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is here really too modest—may be taken as his contribution to the work of Liberal reunion. The same, too, may be said of his magnanimous assent to Lord HARTINGTON's suggestion of an inquiry into the expediency or otherwise of remitting the school fees, at the expense of the taxpayer, to parents who are perfectly well able to pay them for themselves. But the customary aside to the Radicals was, of course, there also, and it took the form of the characteristic assertion that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had had "nothing to say" to the municipal allotment project, and had contented himself with making merry with the divisions supposed by him to exist in the Liberal camp; which, considering that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL devoted nearly one whole speech to making merry with the project which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accuses him of passing unnoticed, is pretty well. The most perfect example, however, of that covert encouragement to Radicals which he is accustomed to convey under expressions of contemptuous forbearance towards the scruple of the Moderate Liberal is to be found in his treatment of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GOSCHEN. The former's inconclusive and almost unmeaning commonplaces on the proposal to compulsorily expropriate landowners for the purpose of experimentalizing in the manufacture of a peasant proprietary were condescendingly welcomed, as we fully expected they would be; but for the latter, the man whose resistance to these proposals is genuine and formidable, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had no tolerance to spare. It is true that he generously disclaimed any intention of closing the door of official life against Mr. GOSCHEN for the future. "We Radicals have no lists of proscription"—not yet; and "we shall not presume to interfere with "Mr. GLADSTONE's choice and selection," nor, it is to be supposed, with HER MAJESTY's ratification of it; but, at the same time—and here follows the usual tirade against Mr. GOSCHEN and his apostacy, which has got to be quite a stock subject with the Radical orator. Of course the difference in his attitude towards the two men is all owing to the fact that "we recognize the value" of Lord HARTINGTON's past services, and remember the ill turn which Mr. GOSCHEN has done us; this, and none other, is the reason. But Moderate Liberals who are possessed with only powers of perception as moderate as their Liberalism will attribute the different treatment of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GOSCHEN, not to the known past of the two politicians, but to considerations of their probable future, and in particular to a very strong conviction on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's part that the former will be found hereafter at the tail of the Radical chariot and the other at the horses' heads.



## MR. GLADSTONE AND THE MYTHOLOGISTS.

A MIXED character, no doubt, or he would not have "had HEBE for a partner," says Mr. GLADSTONE, in his essay on "The Dawn of Creation and of Worship," in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is HERACLES whom he infers to have been a "mixed character," judging him from his "partner" HEBE. But is there anything against HEBE? Why should Mr. GLADSTONE throw a slur on the old-established firm of HEBE & HERACLES? BANIER explains the myth, in his pragmatic way, by saying that, after a life passed in the prize-ring, HERACLES went into the public-house line, married the barwoman of Olympus, and settled down. We have all outgrown the poor old Abbé BANIER; many a system of mythology has risen and set since his finely-illustrated tomes were published. With one of these systems, whose star (as Mr. JOSEPH COOK finely says of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER) is "touching the western pines," Mr. GLADSTONE is at war, and we think he has right reason and common sense on his side. Mr. GLADSTONE is opposed to "the Solarists," as he calls them, the school which resolves almost all gods and heroes into the natural elements. This school is, again, divided in three at least, and part interprets every mortal thing, or rather every immortal, as the thunder-cloud, or the lightning, while others in the same mythical form behold the dawn and the sun. Others are all for fire myths, and as all those gallant gentlemen give etymological reasons for their opposite opinions, it is plain that etymology and philology can so far have done very little for the interpretation of mythical names and of myths. This is precisely what CURTIUS and TIELE, among others, admit, and this is one of the arguments which Mr. GLADSTONE urges against "the Solarists." Some of them derive ATHENE from a Greek, some from an Iranian, some from a Sanskrit root, and make her, at will, the blue air, the dawn, the lightning, the spear-brandisher, or what you please. Nothing is certain except that nothing is really known on the subject of the derivation and meaning of the name. It is the same, with extremely rare exceptions, in the case of almost all the gods in the Greek Pantheon. Every scholar has his own etymology, and, in accordance with his own taste and fancy, makes that etymology support his theory of the natural element into which each god should be resolved. The instance of ZEUS is one of the very few, out of so many, in which there is agreement. Mr. GLADSTONE has easy work in conquering a house thus divided against itself. For example, RÉVILLE, with whom Mr. GLADSTONE is arguing, makes IXION the sun because IXION was bound on a flaming wheel. Now HOMER, our oldest authority, says nothing about any wheel; and though in later works we often find earlier myths than those which HOMER reports, there is really nothing to make RÉVILLE's contention other than "a fancy impalpable to the clutch of argument, and thus hardly a subject for confutation." Another mythologist (English, we regret to say) makes SISYPHUS the sun, because SISYPHUS rolled a rock up a hill and the sun is an ascending ball. But, unluckily, the essence of the punishment of SISYPHUS was that his rock always fell down on the side he had rolled it up, and never crossed the hill-crest. The sun, on the other hand, does daily just what SISYPHUS never could do at all.

Mr. GLADSTONE goes on to point out the absurdity of making POSEIDON a god of horses, merely because the waves (in some mythologists' fancy) are like "the rounded backs" of horses. POSEIDON, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, might as well have been made a protector of sheep, on the strength of the "rounded backs" of the waves. Then he demolishes the elemental theories of HERA, which are based on some half-dozen etymologies—Latin, Sanskrit, Greek, and so forth. "Such etymologies are, though greatly in favour with the 'Solarists,' most uncertain guides to Greek interpretation." They are, indeed, as witness the seven philological renderings (at the very least) of the myth of CRONUS and the equally numerous fancies about EROS and PSYCHE. But Mr. MAX MÜLLER, in the October *Nineteenth Century*, calls these weak and mean arguments, and points out that there are differences of opinion as to the meaning of certain lines and words in HOMER. Yes; but no one founds a theory of the Dawn of Worship or anything else on those disputed passages. It is absurd to call by the name of "Science" a system of interpretation in which all interpreters differ. And this is only the beginning of the arguments against Mr. GLADSTONE's foes, the Solarists. "There are," he says with perfect truth, "surely many sources to which the old religions are referable. We have solar worship, earth

"worship, the worship of animals, the worship of evil powers, the worship of abstractions, the worship of the dead," and many another worship. And then Mr. GLADSTONE makes a reference, speaking of the "Solarists," to "a race of practitioners whom courtesy forbids to name," but whom we do not mind calling quacks.

J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rollet un fripon.

## THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

THE new members of the School Board will understand that no disrespect is meant towards them when it is said that the future may be regarded with confidence, less because of the additions to than the subtractions from this honourable body. What the new Board will do remains to be seen, but there is good ground for believing it will do better than the old. Various names which are associated with devotion to fads of a costly kind have disappeared. In itself this is a very considerable gain. The thirty-six new members will at least begin work under the salutary influence of the warning given to the follies of their predecessors. It may be spiteful, but it is very natural to rejoice at the defeat of some particular members of the old Board, and it ought to be possible to indulge the feeling without annoying anybody. Rather the contrary, indeed. We cannot imagine, for example, that Mr. LYULPH STANLEY, M.P., will feel otherwise than gratified by discovering how profoundly he has contrived to irritate the wicked. It is, after all, flattering to learn that people you have been trying to rub the wrong way have at last got their backs up. Their indignation is a convincing proof of the success of the aggravator. One result of the election fills the cynical mind with profound satisfaction. The new Board, it seems, "will have in it fewer women members than any Board since the first." Of an English monarch, who was an excellent judge, it is recorded that he did naturally detest a busy woman, which is a very different thing from an industrious one, and the now expiring School Board has done not a little to make his sentiments on that point general.

A glance at the list of rejected candidates will show one thing tolerably plainly. The electors are fairly tired of all those things which are indicated by an increase in the school-rate. They have had enough of a Board which did not content itself with supplying a necessary minimum of teaching, but was intent on working out a grand scheme of national elevation—to use the consecrated phrase. What happened on the Board might, indeed, have been foreseen. All bodies of this kind are doomed to fall under the control of a minority of their members who have zeal or time enough to devote themselves to the management of business. When the Board has to look after something new and popular, the controlling minority is formed of those who combine the possession of the necessary leisure with belief in the proper kind of fad. Under the guidance of enthusiasts of this stamp, the school-rate has in the natural course of things run up to just three times the highest figure it was to have reached. A reaction has been the natural consequence. It has assuredly come none too soon, and in one respect has equally certainly come too late. There is some chance, though no very great one, that the rising expense will be stopped before it gets any higher. There is no chance, or next to none, that it will be reduced. The Board has done its work too well. It has built schools where they were not wanted, and got into debt for them. It has formed a large staff which cannot be reduced without some expense. It has entered into engagements which will continue to entail outlay. These things are the natural consequence of allowing enthusiastic persons to get the control of their neighbours' purse-strings. As Sir JOHN LUBBOCK pointed out at the meeting last week, the Board may be proud of the munificent things it has done for the children of London. It has indeed been a pious founder, only, unlike the person known by that name of old, it has done its noble work at other people's expense. Therefore it has become a nuisance in its own days, whereas the pious founder of the old style generally lasted as a benefactor for a good three centuries, and has not infrequently retained that character to the end. It is, as has already been abundantly pointed out, early to guess at what the new Board will do with its power. That it will not do what the old one has done may be considered as highly probable, but it is wise not to conclude too hastily that it will not find other forms of folly. The success of Mr. BARNES may be

taken as a sign that the free education fad has won little popularity in London. The ratepayers have seen that the worst possible way of bringing down the rate would be to support schemes which would make popular education more expensive than it is already. The success of several Church candidates may also be taken to show that voters thoroughly understand the consequences of permitting the voluntary schools to be undersold at their expense. These are favourable signs; but it is not unknown that some of the candidates who were opposed to free education reserved to themselves liberty to support it if they were allowed to pay for it out of the plunder of the City Companies. It is only too probable that a leaven of this kind may be found on the new Board, and may work for mischief. There is, however, no need for the ratepayer to cry out before he is hurt. When it is seen how the minority which will really do the work of the Board is to be composed, it will be possible to judge of what we are to expect. For the present, the best possible has been done. Electors have at least declared very emphatically against the mismanagement of the last few years; and that, at least, is much. Members of any future School Board will have a standing example to remind them that they are not the permanent possessors of a big machine for carrying out their own cherished ideas.

#### THE GUY FAWKES NUISANCE.

WHATEVER may be said in defence of keeping Guy Fawkes Day, it is certain that it should not be an excuse for the lowest roughs and idlers of London to take up as a special amusement the frightening of horses with intent to make them upset their vehicles, injure the occupants, and bring traffic to a standstill. This was what was seen in a fashionable thoroughfare, which ought to be decently policed, on Thursday last, and even Mr. AUBERON HERBERT would probably admit that this was carrying the principle of individual liberty a little too far. It is fortunate, or providential, that Parliament was not blown up two hundred and eighty years ago by "one GUIDO FAWKES," as the school histories put it. That extinct danger, however, furnishes an inadequate reason why hansoms should be made to justify their claims to patent safety in the year 1885. Guy Fawkes Day is an anniversary which might indeed, as far as the streets of London are concerned, cease to be kept without much loss. But, if fools will be fools, they must be taught that upsetting cabs is, as Baron ALDERSON remarked of the man who was found with the boots a mile from the shop, and said he had taken them by way of a joke, "carrying a joke rather too far."

What is the use of a Home Secretary? This is a question which has often forced itself upon the minds of Londoners lately, and it sometimes assumes the more specific form, "What is the use of Sir RICHARD CROSS?" Sir RICHARD has completely lost the administrative reputation which he acquired during his first tenure of office. He is bankrupt of credit, and by no means prodigal of ease. Sir RICHARD CROSS is not the Home Secretary who was observed to be watching with intense interest the stray cat in the House of Commons, apparently anxious to see which way it would jump. But he might have been. His principle of official action is to lean towards the side on which most hats are thrown into the air. He only cleansed the Strand (morally) after weeks of attack from the press. Now the Home Secretary is especially responsible for the peace and good order of London excepting the City. He is the head of the Metropolitan Police, whose Chief Commissioner obeys his orders. Sir RICHARD CROSS may say that he is making bad speeches in the country on behalf of a cause which deserves to be better defended. The Guy Fawkesmen may say it is Persian attire, if any one likes not the fashion of their garments. But let it be changed. If Sir RICHARD CROSS cannot really be spared from the platform, let him depute Mr. GODFREY LUSHINGTON, or Mr. LEIGH PEMBERTON, or somebody, to see that London is not turned into a bear-garden for roughs to play in. In remote parts of the country one may expect, and put up with, a little horse-play on the Fifth of November. But in London time, to say nothing of sound bones, is of importance to some people, if not to Sir RICHARD CROSS. Civilization has its drawbacks, and London lacks the special attractions of Arcadia. If we cannot have a peaceful rusticity, we may at least be spared a clownish barbarity.

#### PARLIAMENT HILL.

LAST week the Metropolitan Board of Works announced, through their Committee, their decision to proceed no further with the contemplated purchase of Parliament Hill and other lands adjacent to Hampstead Heath. It is not at all clear from their Report how far they actually have gone, or whether their exertions went beyond the interchange of a few *pour-parlers* with the landowners' agents. They appear, however, to regard the question from an economic point, which, as trustees to the ratepayers, is intelligible and indeed honourable when justified by circumstances. The practice of economy may easily degenerate into a short-sighted parsimony, and impel public bodies seriously to neglect public interests. To look at the Hampstead Heath Extension Scheme purely as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence is to miss its vital significance. Little more than three months have passed since the Extension Committee received the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board on Parliament Hill, and very convincingly testified to the urgent necessity of action. It was frankly recognized on all sides that the question was of Metropolitan importance, and it is hard to believe that any ratepayer who knows the neighbourhood, and knows also how destitute are the northern suburbs of open spaces, can dispute the force of the representations made to the Board. Yet Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and his colleagues have so far worked in vain. The Board has spoken; and, though hope is not extinguished, matters have come to a complete deadlock.

The general regret caused by the Board's decision is not mitigated by the vague language of the Report on the subject. The Board declines further action because of "the very large amount which is asked for the land in question"; this looks as if some definite price had been asked for the land, and was considered extravagant by the Board. The Committee's Report, however, scarcely agrees with this natural inference. Sir SPENCER WILSON, it seems, offered to sell his portion of the land desired, 56 acres, for the sum of 100,000*l.*; while the cost of 226 acres belonging to Lord MANSFIELD was computed at 250,000*l.* It is somewhat strange that only the first sum is a definite offer, and it may be remarked that its higher rate per acre is accounted for by certain local advantages of site. The second estimate rests on a statement of the Deputy-Chairman of the Board, and was disputed by another member, who alleged that no offer had been made, and that Lord MANSFIELD's agent looked to the Board to move in the matter. Altogether, the Board Committee do not seem to have approached the landowners concerned in the spirit of the Extension Committee. The happy meeting on Parliament Hill last August has not fostered unanimity of views between the two parties. The tea, the speeches, the music, and all the pleasant interchange of courtesies seem to have been vainly poured forth. Even the memories of the chief actors appear to have suffered, for Mr. LEFEVRE and the Board do most strangely disagree as to certain statements of the former. The Board is somehow aggrieved; and Mr. LEFEVRE is accused of having been cruelly deceived as to the probable terms of purchase. He had seduced the Board—at that same picnic—into believing things would go smoothly, and there would be little to do but to receive offers. Accordingly, in a rather sluggish humour apparently, the Board commenced operations, only to retire at the first obstacle, more than ever confirmed in the virtue of economy.

Unfortunately for the Board it can scarcely expect approval of its proceedings until they are clearly laid before the public. It must be shown that the obstacle to the purchase of Parliament Hill and East Park estates is really insuperable. And at whose valuation is it assumed that the sum mentioned at the Board's meeting is extravagant—i.e. beyond the market value? And, if it can be proved to be excessive, can it be shown that due measures were taken to see if abatement were wholly impossible? It is curious to note that the sum—350,000*l.*—which so frightened the Board is virtually that upon which Mr. LEFEVRE based his estimate of the addition to the Metropolitan rates, which was one-eighth of a penny in the pound for fifty years. From this it does not appear that Mr. LEFEVRE could have bewitched the representatives of the Board with luring phantasy on Parliament Hill last August. Nor can it be affirmed that the addition to the rate, even if it were double Mr. LEFEVRE's estimate, is a grievous price to pay for an acquisition whose value is not measurable by hard cash, but by the pressing needs of a vast and ever-growing community. If, in spite of the weighty remonstrances that have been urged from all



quarters with unanswerable force, the Board is unequal to the heroism of rescinding its decision and negotiating afresh, it can introduce the question to the next Parliament, and re-invigorate its failing authority and responsibility. There is little doubt that Sir SPENCER WILSON and Lord MANSFIELD will grant the Board grace, and await the result.

### THREE POLITICAL SPEECHES.

THE closing speeches of the week on the Liberal side have been to a considerable extent marred by circumstances, or a circumstance, over which the speakers had no control. Their efforts followed Lord SALISBURY's brilliant performance at the Victoria Hall just closely enough to invite comparison and too closely to permit of the speakers attempting anything like an effective retort. In such circumstances silence is usually the choice of the wise orator everywhere, and we are surprised, therefore, that it was not Lord HARTINGTON's at Belfast. Assuredly it would have been better to have left Lord SALISBURY unanswered altogether than to have attempted to establish an analogy between the relation of the Conservatives to the Parnellites and that of the Whigs to the Radicals. "I should like 'Lord SALISBURY,'" he said, "to prove that there is not 'more difference of political opinion between him and those 'supporters of his party' (to wit the Parnellites) 'than 'exists between me and any members of the party to 'which I belong.' If Lord HARTINGTON really would like proof of this, it can be easily furnished to him without troubling Lord SALISBURY. The simple answer to his challenge is that the most authoritative evidence of political agreement or political difference is to be found in the record of political action; and that upon that record it may be unhesitatingly affirmed that, to the extent of their common political action, there is between the Conservatives and the Parnellites no difference of political opinion whatever. The two parties were united in the opinion that the GLADSTONE Government had done enough mischief and should be expelled from office, and they united their votes to expel it. That being the limit of their common action, they are at liberty to differ upon every other conceivable subject of politics, home and foreign; and the widest divergence between them could not possibly assimilate their case to that of the Whig-Radical combination, which exists only for the common purposes of dislodging the Conservatives and replacing a Whig-Radical, or much more likely a Radical-Whig, Government in power. Would Lord HARTINGTON like to know how, and how only, the relation of Lord SALISBURY to the Home Rule party could be made to resemble his own relation to the Radicals? Because we can easily tell him. If Lord SALISBURY were to appeal to the Separatist party in Ireland to throw in their lot with the English Conservatives for the purpose of keeping out the Liberals; and if he were to support that appeal by treating the claim of Separation with the same coy coquetry as we have seen a very distinguished Liberal display towards the advances of Socialism—if, in fact, Lord SALISBURY were to say, "I am not a Home Ruler; but it 'would be absurd to say that the principle of local self-government is incapable of further extension—so, if I am 'asked to pledge myself to a great extension of that 'principle for objects which I shall say, for appearance' sake, are not clearly defined, but which, between ourselves, 'have been defined with only too great clearness by those 'who are pursuing them, why, I reserve to myself my 'liberty of judgment; but, in the meantime, I entreat 'you English and Irish electors, whether in favour of 'Union or Separation, to give a solid vote for me and 'my party, as there is room enough in all conscience 'within our ranks both for friends and enemies of the 'integrity of the Empire"—if Lord SALISBURY were to speak thus or to this general effect, the analogy between his position and Lord HARTINGTON's would, we admit, be complete. For this, *mutatis mutandis*, and with only the more obvious "asides" converted into "alouds," describes Lord HARTINGTON's own attitude towards Socialistic Radicalism in Lord HARTINGTON's own words.

But this is not all that can be said. For, unless the language which he went on to use the other night with reference to the Home Rule claim is simply unmeaning, he seems almost disposed to make these very advances to the Separatist party in Ireland which he so unjustly imputes to his adversaries. We had better wait perhaps for the re-

vised version of his Belfast speech before adopting any final interpretation of its import; but in the meantime it is at least permissible to point out a passage upon which Liberal "harmonists" may with advantage employ themselves. We pass over all that was said by Lord HARTINGTON on the subject of a "strong" local government for Ireland and his admissions on the subject of a "too centralized" executive. These are stock Liberal commonplaces, of which it is understood that, like the locutions of one of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL's humorous personages, they "have to 'mean' whatever the speaker chooses, whether they like it or not. The same, too, may be said about the stipulation for "guarantees." These it is the correct thing for English politicians of either party to stipulate for, even if he doubts whether such guarantees are so much as capable of statement on paper, to say nothing of being realizable in fact. The sentences which we commend to the Liberal harmonists are the following:—"Then, gentlemen, I may be asked 'whether I am of opinion that nothing can be done'—nothing, this must mean, towards the establishment of Home Rule as a Home Ruler understands it, because Lord HARTINGTON had just been contending that much could be done in the way of mere local self-government. "Certainly I am of opinion that nothing can be done in 'the way of giving Ireland anything like complete control 'over her own affairs, either in a day, or Session, or probably in a Parliament." And again, later on in the speech:—"And, secondly, you must also admit this principle, the work of complete self-government of Ireland, 'the grant of full control over the management of its own 'affairs, is not a grant that can be made by any Parliament 'of this country in a day." What does all this mean? On the version before us its meaning appears clear enough; but can we possibly adopt it? As the words stand they surely mean this:—"We, the Liberals, are prepared to give you, 'the Irish, strong local government at once; but it is 'quite impossible to think of giving you complete Home 'Rule in a day, or a week, or six months; the length of 'a Session, or, probably, within the next seven years, the 'maximum duration of a Parliament. After that time we 'shall see." Is this really Lord HARTINGTON's meaning? Does he really intend to hold out to the Separatist party the hope that, if they will be content with a measure of local self-government for the present, they may, after another Parliament or so, be held to have qualified themselves for complete legislative independence? Because, if that is a meaning, it is indeed a "bid for the Home Rule 'vote"—with a witness.

In Mr. BRIGHT's speech at Birmingham we gladly welcome a novelty—indeed, three novelties; for, though of unequal value, all three agree in having no connexion with a struggle in which it occasionally flashes across Mr. BRIGHT's memory that he was an actor—the struggle, we mean, between Protection and Free-trade. One of the novelties is the information that HER MAJESTY personally brought about the compromise of the Franchise Bill dispute by summoning the Duke of RICHMOND to Balmoral to receive her counsels—a statement which, to say nothing of its constitutional propriety, is an apparent description of a Royal miracle. For, seeing that the compromise—or "surrender," as Mr. BRIGHT prefers to call it—was a simple, unconditional capitulation on the part of the then Prime Minister, we must attribute to HER MAJESTY the power of acting on the will of Mr. GLADSTONE by merely speaking to the Duke of RICHMOND. We have heard of "personal magnetism" before, and it is beyond doubt that the QUEEN possesses her full share of it; but this beats everything, and the marvel is in no way diminished by supposing that the "odious force" was transmitted through the conjoined medium of the Duke of RICHMOND, Lord SALISBURY, and the late Lord CAIRNS. The second novelty in Mr. BRIGHT's speech was a criticism on Mr. CHILDERS's Budget, which he described as an "admirable measure to meet a 'deplorable set of circumstances'—not an unfair description of it from Mr. BRIGHT's point of view, and only requiring the comment that the circumstances were so deplorable as to paralyse the faculty of admiration. The last of the three novelties was the statement that the war with the King of BURMAH is about to be undertaken in a mere contractors' quarrel, and is, in fact, got up by the "great swarm of military men and civilians eager for pro-motion" who surround the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. We describe this as a novelty solely in relation to its facts. As an expression of opinion it is as familiar as many another demonstration of the Christian charity with which Mr.

BRIGHT is in the habit of judging his fellow-men. And of course it is not new as an illustration of the value of opinions as to the merits of a particular war pronounced by a man who denies that any war whatever is justifiable. Knowing from Mr. BRIGHT's own addresses that no injury which THEEBAW could have inflicted on England as a State would excuse our attacking him, it is highly interesting and important to learn that, in Mr. BRIGHT's opinion, he has not injured us as a State at all.

One word must be said on a passage in Lord IDDESLEIGH's effective speech in Midlothian. He has well criticized the ambiguities of Mr. GLADSTONE's Manifesto; but we must take exception to some of his comments. As Mr. GLADSTONE's "Why-I-am-a-Liberal" is "because he trusts 'the people,'" why, asks Lord IDDESLEIGH, does he not tell the people exactly what he means? The question sounds plausible; but let Lord IDDESLEIGH consider the logical inferences from the contention that all those whom Mr. GLADSTONE trusts ought to be put in possession of his meaning. One of two conclusions must follow; either that Mr. GLADSTONE has not perfect trust in himself, or that he has a perfect acquaintance with his own meaning. We leave Lord IDDESLEIGH to determine which of the two conclusions is more repugnant to common sense.

#### WATER WOLVES.

IF water wolves had nothing more to recommend them than the fact of being distinguished by the same amiable characteristics of strength, fierceness, and voracity as their warm-blooded namesakes, water wolves by now would be as near extinction as their four-footed prototypes. But the water wolf or pike has one immense merit, which, in spite of his many vices, makes him worthy of even more attention than he usually obtains; he is a most toothsome morsel when he has made proper acquaintance with the culinary art. His merit was so well acknowledged in early times that that worthy monarch, Edward I., who saw no reason why his subjects should be left to the mercy of a "Fish Ring," and therefore condescended to regulate the prices of the different sorts of fish then brought to market, fixed the value of pike higher than that of fresh salmon, and more than ten times greater than that of the best turbot or cod. Those patriarchal times have changed. Fish Rings flourish like the green bay-tree, and fish goes up in price from year to year. For fresh-water fish there is no market at all, always excepting trout, and yet food of such a sustaining quality as fish ought surely not to be despised by the great mass of the population. That they do not despise what they can get of it is sufficiently clear to the olfactory nerves of any one who passes through the poor quarters of our great towns at night. Fried fish seem to pervade the air, and, on closer inspection, are even more unsavoury to the eyes than they have already been to the nostrils. The refuse, the sweepings out of the great fish markets, the fish that are too much "off colour" to be sold otherwise—all these easily account for the atmosphere of Leather Lane and suchlike fragrant thoroughfares. Cheap food it may be; wholesome food it certainly cannot be; for unsoundness in fish is more absolutely poisonous than in any other class of food. And yet, while our poor population are devouring at comparatively high prices the offal of Billingsgate, our inland lakes, ponds, and broads are lying useless. We do not speak of the rivers; for the cultivation of such fish as pike and eels in rivers would probably raise an outcry amongst trout anglers, as trout have but little chance against the strength and voracity of the water wolf. In ponds, large or small, however, pike would well repay cultivation, for they both grow and fatten with great rapidity. An increase of four pounds weight a year is said to be an ordinary average for a pike if well supplied with food, and instances are quoted of an increase of even ten and eleven pounds in the year, which was, of course, rather an exceptional occurrence.

"From the days of Gesner downwards," said Mr. Frank Buckland, "more lies have been told about the pike than any other fish in the world," which may be said to be the case with most animals who are gifted with any remarkable characteristics, whether pleasant or otherwise. However the many historians of the pike have hitherto kept clear of the supernatural; were-wolves and "loupe-garou" have no imitators amongst the finny tribes. A ghostly pike, with lambent eyes and distended jaws, is too fearful an idea to be entertained for a moment. But, if the pike historians have refrained from enlarging on supernatural water wolves, they have by no means curtailed their imaginations in their description of the real fish. The Mannheim pike that attained a length of nineteen feet, and was captured in 1497 at the advanced age of two hundred and sixty-seven years, having in its gills a brass ring, on which was engraved in Greek, "I am the first fish that was placed in this pond by the hand of Frederick II., Governor of the World, on the 5th of October, 1230," may certainly claim to be the most marvellous pike on record. "Its skeleton and ring were long preserved in the Cathedral of Mannheim," says Mr. Pennell in his *Book of the Pike*, "but upon subsequent examination by a clever anatomist, it was discovered that the

bones had been lengthened to fit the story—in other words, that several vertebrae had been added. Another writer, M. Passon Maisonneuve, gives us further particulars concerning the ring—namely, that it was of 'Gilded brass,' and could 'enlarge itself by springs'—a highly necessary qualification (if its wearer's growth is to be considered), and one which would seem not to be confined to this portion of the story alone." Putting aside suchlike monsters, that seem to be, in the words of Polonius, "very like a whale," most voracious historians agree that the pike rarely exceeds 40 lbs. in weight, at all events in these islands. That he should not be allowed to do so from a gastronomical point of view is certain from the fact that a young pike or jack increases in weight at the rate of 4 lbs. per annum during the earlier portions of his life, but that after twelve years he diminishes each year by 1 lb. to 2 lbs., a rate of diminution that increases as his age advances. Young pike, therefore, are the best for eating, and by connoisseurs those of moderate size are much preferred to either small or large fish. The ways of cooking pike are as many and various as his quality deserves. He can be roasted, boiled, braised, stuffed; he can be disguised "à la Chambord," with mushrooms, onions, and cockscombs; "à l'Égyptienne," with gherkins, eggs, truffles, and port wine; "à la meunière," "à la maître-d'hôtel," "en matelote," and a hundred other ways; in all of which he is super-excellent. And if he is thus savoury and delightful in his last hour, how much more is he worthy of all praise from the angler who loves true sport when he is alive. He is no miserable little trout, who will even allow himself to be tickled out of his native stream. The angler who means to compass the death of a water wolf, "this solitary, melancholy, and bold fish," as Walton calls him, must have iron nerves, for fishermen have been known to "drop their rods in sheer terror" at the first rush of a pike on its prey. As to what that prey may be the pike is not particular. Literally "all is fish that comes to his" jaws, with only two exceptions, a tench and a toad. There is a fond superstition that accounts for the pike's leniency towards the tench on the ground that the latter is the pike's physician; and Camden in his *Britannia* was not afraid to say, "I have seen the bellies of pikes which have been rent open, have their gaping wounds presently closed by the touch of the tench, and by his glutinous slime perfectly healed up." It is true that it would be questionable sanity on the part of the pike to eat his doctor; but the fact that the pike's eyes are on the top of his head, and that the tench lives at the bottom of the muddiest water he can find, may also account for this instance of self-denial on the part of the water wolf. His own species enjoy no immunity from his universal greed, and there is good reason for believing that more young pickerels are devoured by their parents than by all their other enemies put together, not excepting eels, who account to some extent for the enormous difference between the eggs found in the roe of the female pike and the comparatively small number of pike to be found in our rivers. Mr. Frank Buckland tells of a pike which was sent to him, having been caught with rod and line in the Norfolk Broads. It weighed 32 lbs., five of which were represented by the roe, which contained no less than 595,200 eggs. In another pike, weighing 28 lbs., he found 292,320 eggs. It is evident, therefore, that the struggle for existence comes to young pickerels at a very early age, thousands being devoured in spawn by eels alone. Even of those which develop too many would perhaps remain were it not for the providential cannibalism of their fond parents. Therefore when stocking either rivers or ponds care should be taken to select pike as nearly of the same size and age as may be, so that the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" should not be demonstrated after a time by the solitary presence of one ferocious monster. If the comparatively small number of pike that survive out of the millions of eggs deposited is worthy of note, still more marvellous is the apparently spontaneous generation of pickerels in ponds where pike have never existed. Izaak Walton, like all other writers on fish, noticed this mysterious peculiarity; but, unable to account for it otherwise, he adopted one of the romances of Gesner and his contemporaries. "It has been observed," he says, "that where none (pike) have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many . . . 'tis not to be doubted but that they are bred, some by generation and some not, as namely of a weed called pickerel-weed—unless learned Gesner be much mistaken; for he says this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become pikes." The "glutinous matter," which the reverend angler wisely mentions, probably represented the spawn of some stray pike, for these fish are particularly fond of lying in beds of pickerel weed, and depositing their spawn therein. Pike certainly have a curious instinct which sometimes causes them to embark on land-journeys in search of food and water, if deprived of either of these necessities to their existence. Mr. Newham, an English resident at Antwerp, in order to test this theory of migration, made two new ponds, and stocked one with pike and the other with small fresh-water fish, such as dace, roach, barbel, &c. After two days he had both ponds emptied, when it was discovered that many of the pike had travelled by some means or other from their own pond into that of their neighbours, and had devoured the greater part of them. That these pike should have taken less than two days to think out their marauding plan, and put it in practice, is an additional proof that the water wolf is at least possessed of a prompt and decided character. These Antwerp pike attained their end (and that of the small fry), but another pike on record came near having a different fate. He adorned the Aquarium at the Zoological Gardens.



One night the glass tank in which he lived broke, and the water wolf not appreciating being left thus high and dry, was found next morning by the keeper at a distance of twenty-four yards away, making for a piece of water. Fortunately for him, he was not allowed to reach it, for that pond contained the otters, who would no doubt have greatly appreciated a morning call from a fine young pike. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the pike is decidedly an exception to the rule that fish have little or no intelligence. Even the size of his brain is worthy of respect. Its proportionate size as compared to the rest of the body is as 1 to 1,300; in the shark, whose intelligence has so often been vaunted, it is only as 1 to 2,500; while in the tunny it is but as 1 to 3,700. The only thing that dulls the pike's intelligence is his greed; but even this may perhaps only be caused by an overweening confidence in his own gastric juices. Like many other voracious animals, to swallow seems to be his only joy; palate he has little or none. What was thought of his powers of discrimination by our ancestors may be gathered from Sir Hugh Plat, who, in his *Jewel-house of Art and Nature*, published in 1653, gives the receipt for the following toothsome morsel:—"Fill a sheep's gut with small unslaked limestones, and tie the same well at both ends, that no water get therein; and, if any Pike devour it (as they are a ravenous fish and very likely to do), she dieth in a short time." Even a pike's "most strongly and rapidly dissolving gastric juices," as Dr. Fleming calls them, could hardly be expected to do justice to such a morsel. That wise woman of ancient days, Dame Juliana Berners, paid special attention to the capture of the pike; and certainly the following quaint instructions that she gave concerning the most suitable bait are composed in somewhat of a kinder spirit than the recipe of Sir Hugh Plat:—

Take a collinge hoke, and take a roche or a fresh heeryng, and a wyre with an hole in the ende, and put it in at the mouth, and out at the taylle, down by the ridge of the fresh heeryng, and thenne put the hoke in after, and drawe the hoke into the cheke of the freshe heeryng; then put a plume of lead upon your lyne a yarde longe from your hoke, and a flete in midwate betwene; and cast it in a pytte where the pyke usyth, and this is the best and moost surer crafte of takynge the pyke. Another manere of takynge him there is; take a fros-he [frog] and put it on your hoke, at the necke, betwene the skynne and the body, on the backe half, and put on a flete a yarde therefro, and caste it where the pyke hauntyth, and ye shall have hym. Another manere: take the same bayte, and put it in assafetida, and caste it in the water with a corde and a corke, and ye shall not fayl of hym.

Such an attraction as a frog dipped in assafetida would surely be strong enough to tempt even the most gorged of pikes from his lair. But even this voracity which is so unanimously dwelt upon by pike historians, and so unflinchingly taken advantage of by pike anglers, is one of his great sporting merits. A pike is "game" throughout his whole existence; fear is to him unknown, he will attack anything or any one; even otters and men, his two most redoubtable enemies, inspire him with no terror. He is game to the last; and even when landed by his captor he fights on. Is it not recorded by that immortal sportsman Mr. Briggs that a pike not only bites, but "barks like a dog"? Bite he certainly does, and woe betide any triumphant sportsman who is in too great a hurry when disengaging the hooks from his victim's mouth. The *rules of captor and captive* will probably be momentarily reversed, and the great canine teeth, the "serried pikes" of the water wolf's mouth, will go near to meeting in his victim's hand. Courageous and intelligent in life, succulent and savoury in death, what more can any fish be expected to be? And all pike anglers will agree that no sea-fishing, except, perhaps, conger-catching, can be compared for excitement to the half-hour following the first "strike," when trolling or spinning for the "solitary, melancholy, and bold" water wolf.

#### "A DREAM WHICH WAS NOT ALL A DREAM."

A CERTAIN John-a-Dreams of our acquaintance, who, though in most respects singularly unlike Mr. Tennyson's Prince, resembles him in being occasionally unable to distinguish the world of shadows from that of fact, tells the following story of what happened to him the other day. Whether the swevens had come up round him or not he could not say, but there appeared to him a person of the aspect of a canvasser or a Caucusman, or something of that kidney. The person said in a broad Scotch accent, "Sir, I have the honour to be a member of the Lee-beral party." "Sir," replied John-a-Dreams politely, "you have at least the honour to have placed your emphasis very happily"—and with that he passed on. It has been represented to John-a-Dreams in vain that his insinuation (for few Southrons need to be told what "lee" means) is defamatory of a great political party. No sensible man, of course, can do aught but reprove him, yet at the same time the sensible man cannot but feel with embarrassment that, if John-a-Dreams were to take the trouble, he might collect some very unpleasant examples in support of his outrageous innuendo. Mr. Thorold Rogers, no doubt, does not count very much; but still Mr. Rogers is a member, and an active one, of the Liberal party. We have lying before us a letter of his in which occur the two following consecutive sentences. "Sir John [Mr. Thorold Rogers is speaking of a very estimable person, Sir John Whittaker Ellis] is like the rest of the Tories, he tries to deny the truth. As regards what he said in the report you sent me his statement is substantially true." Charity suggests that Mr. Rogers meant the first sentence to be retrospective only of the context, and the second prospective, and overlooked the awkward juxtaposition. Otherwise, unless there is some mistake, we have

Mr. Rogers's idea of denying the truth; it is saying what is substantially true. Is it unfair to infer from this that, if you want to affirm the truth, according to Mr. Rogers you must say what is substantially untrue? We hope it is, and yet there are some notable instances which seem to prove that this is something like the Liberal, or rather the Radical, idea of truth. For instance, the whole world (at least the whole world which is not perfectly deaf and blind when Mr. Gladstone is concerned) has been racking its brains to discover what on earth that great man meant by his famous assertion than when he made a still more famous visit to the Criterion Theatre "there was not even a rumour of Gordon's death." The laborious industry of Sir Frederick Milner—the benefactor of all future historians and the terror of loose-tongued Liberals—has furnished chapter and verse for disproving this remarkable assertion, at least in the sense that it bears to plain men. Nobody who was in London at the time could have required the proof, for the thing was notorious and certain. The charitable have furnished various explanations of the matter—such as that the earliest intelligence only mentioned the fall of Khartoum, and did not include any distinct information of the General's death; or that, when Mr. Gladstone says not even a rumour, he means no official and detailed confirmation; or that Mr. Gladstone didn't mean anything at all; or that Mr. Gladstone is a great and good man; or that Mr. Gladstone must have been very much annoyed. But, as none of these help the matter out much, the world is left wondering. Can it be that Mr. Gladstone did really tell, as the affectionate Scotch phrase has it, "one little wee wunnie"? Or is his idea of truth that which we have, by the rule of contraries, extracted from Mr. Thorold Rogers's remarkable description of the veracious unveracity of Sir John Whittaker Ellis? We know not. There is, indeed, one of the rough sayings of them of old time which may throw some light. "The man who would do the thing would deny doing it." But here we get on the verge of sheer blasphemy, and must kilt up our coats and fly the dangerous neighbourhood.

But it is not Mr. Thorold Rogers, and it is not Mr. Gladstone, who is our chief present instance of the curious fog into which the Liberal party, or a great portion of it, seems to have got as to what a gentleman may or may not say about his political enemies. Their instances are too stale, too popular, too inappropriate in various ways. Nor is it now the name of Mr. Bright, once well known in matters where the downright thumper comes in, that concerns us. Indeed, Mr. Bright, probably because his beloved brother, Mr. Chamberlain, has taken to this branch of the business, appears to have left it off, and was last heard of acknowledging with an innocent surprise, in reply to Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, that a man might apparently be a Tory and honest at the same time. It is a new, or almost new, text on which, or rather on whom, we wish to reflect, and that text is Sir Barrington Simeon. Everybody laughed last week over Sir Barrington Simeon's legend, or the legend attributed to Sir Barrington Simeon, as to the smoking-room compact, as well as over Lord Salisbury's oddly crushing reply. Probably most people who laughed doubted very much whether a man of position and the bearer of a name which not long ago was very highly respected could have really committed himself in a fashion so absurd, and so evidently absurd. Some form of denial was a practical certainty. It came after a rather remarkably long interval, and it amounted to this. Sir Barrington says that he is writing with shorthand notes of what he did say before him, that the printed Report is "so gross an exaggeration that it very nearly amounts to what Lord Salisbury calls it, a downright untruth," and that he did not mention Lord Salisbury and Sir M. Hicks-Beach at all. And then Sir Barrington goes on to remark that he did not say a word more about the compact than has been said by several of the leading men of the Liberal party, who in his humble opinion knew very well what they were talking about. That is to say, Sir Barrington, admitting the downright, or very nearly downright, untruth of the dressings up of his charge, repeats that charge, which was denied in the same documents as those denying the dressings, in a covert though transparent manner. Further, Sir Barrington Simeon, though writing with the shorthand notes before him, which it seems "agree exactly with his memory" of what he did say, abstains with singular care from letting the world know what this was. He gives up the impugned and exposed form; he avoids giving his own form, so that no further contradiction can take hold, and he repeats by insinuation, and under cover of trust in the Liberal leaders, the very same railing accusation which he is charged with having made. Now when a man does this he can hardly be surprised if people cast about for the motive of the suppression and find it in the insinuation. The picturesque form of what Sir Barrington Simeon said having proved inconvenient, and having been necessarily withdrawn, was danger of a similar necessity of withdrawal of any other form. Sir Barrington keeps the combined results of the shorthand writer's notes and his own memory to himself; contents himself with informing the public of what he did not say, and winds up by remarking that, After all, you know, a lot of fellows, who know deuced well what they are about, have said pretty much what, it seems, he is afraid to say in his own words.

This, of course, is what Hoffmann would have called a *Finstück in Chamberlain's Manner*. The imitation is like imitations generally, rather clumsy, and it would have been wiser if Sir Barrington had asked Mr. Chamberlain to lend him Wm. Woodings for an hour or two (you can get from Birmingham to "the Island," as they fondly call it in Hampshire, pretty straight

now by Didcot and Southampton), so that he might do the thing *secundum artem*. It should never be forgotten that what is worth doing is worth doing well. But whether the thing is worth doing; whether it had not much better be avoided, that is an entirely different question. Of course nobody wants Sir Barrington Simeon or anybody else to sit down quietly under the imputation of saying something he did not say. But it may be taken, in the first place, that the best way of contradicting a false report is to give the true one, and it may be taken in the second that the best way to apologize for a calumnious imputation, whether you have made it or not, is most emphatically not to repeat it in an underhand manner, putting it off on somebody who "knows very well what he is about." Electioneering is, of course, on the brain just now with most people, but there are right and wrong ways of electioneering. To get the little boys who go about with Guys to carry placards with "VOTE FOR DILKE" on them is, though a simple and primitive, a rather amiable device. We are not quite sure that it is not a corrupt practice under the new Act, but as it is the general opinion of experts that it will be nearly impossible for a candidate in three weeks' time to live or move or have his being without committing a corrupt practice, that is immaterial. It has been calculated by those mathematically given that the entire people of England will be guilty of corrupt practices, except those who abstain from politics altogether and those who are in gaol and precluded from committing them. So that does not matter, and, as we have said, we rather like Sir Charles's artless propaganda. But the other Baronet's method of backing his side is a very different matter, and it would have been satisfactory to have from Mr. Evelyn Ashley some expression of unwillingness to be backed in this way.

Still people will follow their instincts, and if their instincts lead them to bear false witness against their neighbours in the first place, and when challenged to get out of the difficulty more *Highburien-sium*, we suppose there is nobody who can prevent it. A party does not set up a person like Mr. Chamberlain as an object of admiration without some deteriorating effect on its manners and morals. Sir Barrington Simeon is of the party of Mr. Chamberlain, and like master like man; Mr. Gladstone (see his letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith, and the utterly groundless charge against the Tories which it contains) is of the party of Mr. Thorold Rogers, and like man like master. Except for the incredible fashion in which some people will believe anything which is asserted loudly enough, or backed by a big enough name, or printed often enough in a newspaper, we do not know that there is much harm done. The asseverations of the Liberal-Radical leaders as to the origin of the Disestablishment controversy alone are sufficient to fill a good-sized clothes-basket already with printed examples of—well, let us borrow John-a-Dreams' word, and say of Lee-beralism. Luckily, too, this is a matter which is fresh in every one's memory, and the facts as to which are clear and unmistakable. In matters affecting more private or more complicated affairs, the industry of Sir Frederick Milner and other good men and true is, no doubt, wanted; and, if matters go on as they have done, a very pretty *Satan's Invisible World Displayed*, composed of the electioneering Tarradiddles of the party which, according to Mr. Gladstone, never thinks of meddling with such a thing as a Tarradiddle, may be got together by any one who chooses. There is *pas mal* of the kind of thing about already.

#### HOFFMANN'S WEIRD TALES.

MR. BEALBY can hardly be congratulated on the original matter which he has contributed to a translation in two volumes of some of Hoffmann's stories under the title of *Weird Tales*. The memoir, in as far as it is a mere summary of facts, will be interesting to those who first make the acquaintance of Hoffmann through this translation; and it is, on the whole, fairly accurate, but there is a tone about passages which gives them a distinctly false colouring. Thus, in speaking of the last period of Hoffmann's life, which was passed in Berlin, the author says:—"He shunned for the most part the society of Hitzig and his circle of friends, with their stimulating discussions, which cultivated the mind whilst unfolding and developing the feelings, and frequented a low wine-shop and the common, coarse company that was to be met with there." Who would imagine that the "common, coarse company" consisted of the leading actors in the Royal Theatre of Berlin—then, with the exceedingly doubtful exception of Weimar, which was living on its old prestige, by far the greatest in Germany—of poets and romance writers, many of whom might have made their lasting mark in literature but for its fatal conversational attractions; that it was the centre, in fact, of all the most gifted members of the later and more imaginative of the North German Romantic school? Yet this is the fact. Even Heinrich Heine, then a student, used to slip in now and then, and, as Grabbe, perhaps the most talented dramatist who ever failed to secure a permanent position on the stage, said, "he might have come oftener and stayed longer if he had possessed any talent for drinking and were not so utterly dead to the charms of tobacco." If he had not, we may add, found a greater charm in the elegant society that surrounded Rahel than in any that wine could offer. The society, too, was essentially a closed one. The doors were open to whoever chose to enter; but the regular guests had wit enough to render the position of any intruder to whom they objected uncomfortable.

The young author found a ready welcome; the man who had nothing but his wealth to recommend him was generally compelled to beat a precipitate retreat, or was used only as the butt of the company. The "low wine-shop," or rather cellar, supplied the best wine that was at that time to be purchased in Berlin. Those who frequented it, no doubt, indulged not only in occasional but in habitual excess, and their intercourse was, it may well be imagined, wanting in the refinement that only the presence of ladies can ensure. But to call perhaps the most gifted society of intellectual and moral Bohemians who ever met regularly together outside Paris "common and coarse" is to give an entirely false conception of Hoffmann and his nightly companions.

The notes contain a good deal of miscellaneous information which seems to have been conscientiously extracted from the more popular encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries, though its bearing upon the text is but small. Hoffmann possessed literary tact enough to inform the reader of everything that was requisite to render his story plain; a few notes on German titles, social conditions, and references to the classical poetry of the country were desirable in a translation, and these are usually well done; but who wishes to have his attention distracted from the narrative by a note on the Amati family, or an account of the origin and history of the ducat? The biographical illustrations to "Signor Formica," indeed, are positively offensive, as they tend to destroy the illusion by constantly contrasting dead facts with the living, and to a large extent imaginary characters which the author is endeavouring to put before us. In this and many other pieces Hoffmann deliberately calculated upon the ignorance of his public. It was a part of his art to veil many of his characters and incidents in a semi-transparent shade, and when treating historical persons and events, he often accomplished this by referring vaguely to matters which were not likely to be generally known, though they would bear investigation. Mr. Bealby, too, while telling us so much that is of little interest, is silent upon matters that most readers would like to know. It is true, for example, that neither "Der Nussknacker" nor "Der goldne Topf" is included in his collection, but he might have mentioned in his memoir that the former was translated into French by the elder Dumas under the title of *Histoire d'un Casse-Noisette*, and the latter into English by Thomas Carlyle, though it was excluded from the later editions of his works.

The selection of stories is fairly good, if it was the translator's intention to present us only with two volumes of *Weird Tales*, though in that case we can hardly understand why "Master Johannes Wacht" and some other pieces were admitted, and "Der goldne Topf" excluded. As a true sample of Hoffmann's work it is inadequate, if only because it contains no passage characteristic of the strange treatment of music, by which he chiefly lives in the memory of mature and educated Germans, and which several distinguished composers have declared to be the only true expression that their art has ever found in literature. On the other hand, every tale given has an attraction for those who are fond of such fare.

As to the translation, we must again repeat, it is fairly done. The stories may be read easily, and, in as far as we have compared them with the original, they contain no gross inaccuracies; but the "inner sympathy" which should unite the translator to the author is wanting. Mr. Bealby was surely moved by an affection greater than that of the common translator when he thought and even wrote of Hoffmann's style that "it would appear to be chiefly distinguished by strong grace, ease, naturalness, and nervous vigour"; and we should like to know the names of the "German critics" who "acknowledge its charms, calling it a model of clearness and masterly skill and elegance." The fact is that no one ever wrote a more harsh, slipshod, and ungrammatical style, and that this is one of the chief reasons why the literary class in Germany is so strongly inclined to undervalue Hoffmann's real merits. It is no compliment to say that Mr. Bealby's English is greatly superior to Hoffmann's German, as it could not well be worse. But, after all, Hoffmann's German was alive, and Mr. Bealby's English is dead. Any one who compares the opening of the "Sandmann" in the original and the translation will at once become conscious of this. The contrast between the wild, broken phraseology of the first and the calm, judicious language of the second letter is quite lost in the rendering. Hoffmann did not write a good German style, but his conceptions seem to have taken hold upon him, to have possessed him like demons, and to have compelled him to speak, not coherently or accurately it is true, but still in his own strange way, their inmost intent. In his best work he is an inspired stammerer, but his inspiration is better than Mr. Bealby's art. All through the tale to which we have referred, for example, words like *toll*, *überwitzig*, &c., which have reference to madness, constantly recur like a dominant note; they tune the mind of the reader to the spirit of the story, they suggest and half explain its conclusion. When they are translated by such expressions as "wild" or "superstitious," the English may read more fluently, but the keynote which is struck in the very first sentences of the original is entirely lost.

As to Hoffmann himself we have left ourselves but very little space to speak; he has suffered more than most writers under the erudite, but somewhat unsympathetic, treatment of the Berlin school of criticism. If the University professors can furnish you with an aethestical hand-rule, it is of course easy to take the exact dimensions of every work of fiction, and the less taste or imagination you happen yourself to possess, the more accurate your observa-



tions are likely to be, and the more probable it is that you will be called to occupy some chair for the history of modern literature. Now, Hoffmann is one of the writers who cannot be measured in this simple and easy way. He wrote a number of readable stories which are perfectly sane and not altogether commonplace, though the North German critics are perfectly right in considering them inferior to those of Heinrich von Kleist and some other of the older writers, and, we may add, though the name is not loved in Berlin, to those of Gottfried Keller as well. They stand, in fact, on an entirely different level. It may also be true that it is a better thing to write a story of real human life than the strangest of romantic dreams. But to judge Hoffmann by this code is, to quote an old saying, to judge the corn by its roots, and the potato by its flower. If, on the other hand, we lay aside these scholastic rules, and ask what Hoffmann really did, what he had to say to the world which no other author ever said or could say, we find ourselves in opposition to the German critics. There is something in his writings that we can find nowhere else, and this flavour of originality will save him from oblivion in spite of all his literary defects. The range of his genius was not large; when at his best he constantly trod

A circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot;  
With much of madness, and more of sin,  
And horror, the soul of the plot.

But then who ever gave the madness, the sin, and the horror in such a way? The very best of Mr. Fitz-James O'Brien's stories of this kind—and they are far less known than they deserve to be—are to a certain extent inconclusive. What is the use of the artificial eye and the little theatre in the "Wondersmith," for example? E. A. Poe was constantly verging upon, and occasionally sank into, regions which can excite little but physical disgust. Hoffmann never descends below the realm of a purely poetical horror; he never introduces a circumstance that he does not fully work out.

"Mademoiselle de Scudéri" is generally considered the best of his tales, and it certainly unites the apparent historical accuracy of his calmer work with a sense of the weird and dreadful more than any other, though it does not seem to us to equal the "Sandmann" in gloomy fantastic power, or the "Entail" in concentrated tragic effect. At any rate, those who are unacquainted with Hoffmann, and who desire an agreeable nervous shudder when sitting quietly by their winter firesides, can hardly do better than read the *Weird Tales* that Mr. Bealby has translated, in spite of the unfavourable remarks we have had to pass upon them. In that case, however, they will do well to rigorously abstain from the notes.

#### IMPURE PURITY.

TO the pure (it is well known) all things are impure. It appears, moreover, that to the pure there is no such pleasure in life as that of publishing impurity (so called), and thus obliging the world to take a lively interest in the fact of its supposed existence. There are many ways of doing this good work, but only on one of them need we dilate at this moment. The commonest and most popular is that of writing to the *Times*. To be sapient *omnibus horis* is hardly to be expected even of the *Times*. It is a mortal institution. But there are degrees in misfortune; and it seems a pity that the *Times* should have taken to blundering by rote and the practice of unwisdom as it were by rule of thumb. It was not content with its Paris Correspondent; it must also welcome the "British Matron." Having accepted that remarkable entity, it disdains to rest upon its laurels, and—in the hope, it may be, of discovering just such another prodigy—it resolves to open its columns to all the faddists in Christendom. The consequences are what we know. The pure have rushed in where the simply decent fear to tread, and the publication of impurity (so called) has become a branch of legitimate journalism.

The last crusade is one against a particular advertisement. Bishop Alford is the Peter the Hermit of this latest thing in holy wars, Colonel Yule the Godfrey of Bouillon, "An Englishwoman" the Clorinda; and between them the game has gone briskly enough. The advertisement in question may be identified with the picture of Mlle. Oceana as she appears at a given moment in her well-known acrobatic performance on the slack-wire at the Westminster Aquarium. It is not more offensive (to say the worst of it) than hundreds of other placards which have appeared of late years on the London hoardings. It is, indeed, not hideous at all, but rather the reverse; and for that reason, if for no other, it compares with immense advantage with the awful poster of Mr. Warner as Coupenau (let us say), or even with the "comic" suggestion of Mr. Arthur Cecil in *The Magistrate*. But, as we have said, to the pure all things are impure. It caught (at South Kensington Station) the eye of Bishop Alford, and Bishop Alford—a little jealous, it may be, of the notoriety achieved of late by His Grace of Canterbury and the Bishop of London—at once chose to consider it his duty, "as a traveller on the underground railway," to express his opinion with regard to it. He "feels it a grievance" (it appears) "not to be able to use the line without each time the train stops being brought face to face, as at South Kensington Station," with this "most objectionable figure." This being the case, it need hardly be added that the Bishop writes to the *Times*, and passionately directs the notice (for practically that is what his action amounts to) of "young men going to

and returning from business—boys and girls going to and from school—and young people of all classes" to what he is pleased to consider "a constant incentive to immorality." The protest appears in the *Times*, and is backed at once. Next day we have it on the authority of Colonel Yule that the picture incriminated is that of "an almost naked woman" (which it assuredly is not), and that her appearance as she swings on the wire is certainly "lascivious" (which to the excited puritan, and to him alone among men, it may possibly be). Colonel Yule is followed by "An Englishwoman" (perhaps our old acquaintance the "British Matron"), who takes up her testimony gallantly, as becomes her, against the "specially vile thing" in question, and remarks that, in her opinion, it is "only one of many deep insults that, in the most public places, through the means of increasingly base theatrical advertisements, are daily offered to womankind." She concludes by imploring the *Times* to "use its influence" (good lack!) "to put a stop to them"; and then the tale is taken up by "A Woman," who fell in with these "disgusting placards" at the Mansion House, and who, in consequence, appeals to the Lord Chamberlain, the Public Prosecutor, and the School Board electors in succession to save the Empire from ruin and the younger generation from destruction by the removal of these "corrupting advertisements."

In all these cases the proper prescription were surely the Shakespearian ounce of civet. How else, indeed, should they be treated? and in what, save an unsweetened imagination, do they all? They are to be pitied, no doubt, for their incapacity to see with sane eyes and to consider life with sound minds. But there is no earthly reason why they should obtrude their malady upon the more fortunate and better constituted among their fellow-creatures; still less that they, being sick, should make laws and decree observances for them that are well. The age is full enough of follies as it is; to play the part of *agent provocateur*, and encourage all these poor people to make themselves needlessly conspicuous, is a blunder not even the *Times* should be able to commit with impunity.

#### THE MONEY MARKET.

THE state of the money market for some months past has been quite abnormal. Usually there is an advance in the rates of interest and discount in the autumn. When harvest operations begin, farmers requiring to pay more wages than at other times have to keep in hand a larger amount of cash; and when harvesting is over the marketing of the crops also makes it necessary for both farmers and dealers to keep in hand more cash than in ordinary times. Then, with the beginning of the new agricultural year there is need for making preparations, laying in stock, and so on. The result is that there is an outflow of money from the financial centres to the rural districts. This goes on all over the world, and as London is the banking centre, to some extent, of all the world, it makes itself felt immediately in London. There are few years in which, because of these agricultural operations, there is not a drain of gold from London to some country. Commonly the drain is for the United States, because our transactions with the United States are on a scale of greater magnitude than with any other country, and because the transactions of the United States are in themselves exceptionally large. But even when there is no drain for the United States there is usually a drain of greater or less magnitude for some other country. And this drain tells with the greater effect because there is simultaneously an outflow of money to the English provinces, to Ireland, and to Scotland. In Ireland, owing to the great autumnal fairs, there is usually a considerable increase in the note circulation in the month of October, and this necessitates the withdrawal of gold from London. In Scotland the increase in the note circulation takes place in November, and the drain to Scotland, therefore, occurs in that month. Consequently, we usually find the value of money rising throughout the month of October, and reaching its maximum in the first half of November. But this year there had been no rise in the value of money until one was artificially brought about by the action of the Bank of England. Yet there has been a considerable drain of gold. The failure of the Munster Bank, the apprehensions to which it gave rise, and the run upon the branches of the Bank of Ireland all led to very large remittances of gold to Ireland, and the metal did not begin to come back until within the past week. Then the issue of the Egyptian loan caused considerable remittances of gold to Egypt, and since then there has been an unusually large drain to Germany accompanied by smaller remittances to several other countries. The consequence has been that since the 1st of July the gold held by the Bank of England has decreased about seven millions sterling, and the reserve of the Bank has fallen about six millions. Notwithstanding this extraordinary diminution both in the gold held and in the reserve, there was, as we have said, no natural rise in the value of money, and there were appearances that the withdrawals of gold would become even more serious. A demand sprang up for the United States, Holland, France, Portugal, and other places, and there were signs that the drain to Germany would become even larger still. This German drain was the most alarming, partly because it had continued so long and had attained such considerable magnitude, and partly because it was quite unusual. There is no evidence that this country owes large sums to Germany, and it was difficult to understand, therefore, why the drain should go on. Three explanations have been

suggested. One is that Germany is pushing a large trade all over the world; that other countries, therefore, are in debt to Germany; and that they are settling this debt by bills upon London, Germany in the last resort taking gold to complete the account. Another explanation is that the capitalists of Berlin are making a large loan to the Russian Government on the security of railway bonds, and that they are taking gold from London on account of this loan. And the third explanation is that the banks in Germany are becoming alarmed at the magnitude of the German speculation in Russian bonds; that they fear there may be an outbreak of hostilities in the Balkan Peninsula, which might cause such a disturbance upon the stock exchanges of Europe as would bring about a crash at Berlin; and that they are taking timely precautionary steps.

Probably all three explanations are correct; but, if there is any truth in the latter, it is natural that it should cause disquiet here in London. Should there be a crisis in Berlin, the withdrawals of gold might assume such large proportions as would compel the Bank of England to raise its rate to a point that would act very prejudicially upon the trade of the country. Naturally, then, the Bank of England, seeing its reserve run lower than it ought to run at this time of the year, and fearing that the drain upon its gold would continue, and might become even larger than it has been, was desirous of taking some steps to protect its stock of gold. Yet effective steps were extremely difficult. Owing to the great depression in trade and agriculture, there is exceedingly little demand for the loan of capital. Therefore, money has accumulated in unusually large amounts here in London. As our readers are aware, the banks and discount-houses usually employ in lending and discounting as much of their resources as they possibly can. They keep in their own hands only just the sums necessary for the transaction of their current business. And the money they cannot employ remuneratively in any way they lodge in the Bank of England. Now, the "other deposits" at the Bank of England, in which are included the bankers' balances, in the middle of October exceeded 31 millions—that is, were about 7 millions higher than what is regarded as their normal amount. While this excessive supply of loanable capital in the outside market was so large, it was hopeless to expect that the drain of gold could be stopped. The Bank of England could not by raising its rate enhance the value of money in the outside market, for the other banks and discount-houses would compete for business, and would thus keep down the rates of interest and discount. The revival of speculation in American railroad securities would no doubt give some increased employment to capital, but not enough materially to affect the money market in time to stop the German drain. And there is no hope of such an early revival in trade as will lead to a considerable demand for loanable capital. The Government, again, is spending as much as it is receiving, and even more. Up to Saturday night last it owed the Bank of England nearly three millions, and apparently it is unable to pay off any considerable amount of the debt. Unless, then, the Bank of England itself diminished the supply of loanable capital in the outside market, there was no hope of so affecting rates of interest and discount as to stop the drain of gold. But there is only one way in which the Bank of England can diminish the supply of loanable capital in the outside market, and that is to get possession of part of that supply either by selling its securities or by borrowing on those securities. But either to sell or to borrow so much as would materially affect the value of money in the outside market was a very formidable transaction. It would cost the Bank of England much, and, after all, it might prove ineffective. However, the Directors of the Bank of England made up their minds that it was necessary to submit to the sacrifice, and for some weeks past they have been borrowing so largely upon Consols and other securities that they have so lessened the supply of loanable capital in the outside market that the rate of discount there has risen almost to the level of the official Bank rate.

The question now is whether the action of the Bank will effect its object. Apparently the demand for gold in Berlin is so strong that the Bank will be compelled to proceed further if it is effectually to stop the drain. This suggests that the real cause of the drain must be apprehensions entertained by the great capitalists in Berlin. So far as can be understood there is no scarcity of money in Berlin. The rate of discount there is moderate, and the supply appears to be quite equal to the demand. In the situation such as it presents itself to the ordinary observer there is, then, no reason why gold should be taken in such large amounts. But if there is a fear entertained that a crash is impending, it is easy to understand that efforts should be made quietly to strengthen themselves by the banks before the crisis comes on. In any case, the German exchange upon London had moved against this country step by step as the value of money in London rose until Thursday, when there was a contrary movement. But it is too soon to conclude, therefore, that the rise is at an end. It would seem, then, to be incumbent on the Bank Directors to continue in the course upon which they have entered. To borrow such large sums as they have borrowed will cost the proprietors much money, and they can make up for their loss only by getting such a control over the market as will enable them to attract to themselves a considerable amount of business. If they do this they will make the transaction profitable, and they will have the great satisfaction of protecting their stock of gold and putting an end to the drain to Germany. But if they stop short they will have expended their money in vain, and they may be driven

later on to take still more vigorous and more costly steps. There is, however, it must fairly be admitted, a strong temptation to content themselves with what they have done. The gold which was sent to Ireland at the time of the Munster Bank failure and of the run upon the branches of the Bank of Ireland is beginning to come back. The shock to credit given by these incidents prevented the Irish banks from sending back the gold promptly; but now that the value of money in London has decidedly risen the gold is flowing back. In the ordinary course of things, too, the note circulation of the Irish banks would now be contracting. Just as it expands throughout October it contracts in November, and as it contracts the need for keeping enlarged amounts of gold passes away. In ordinary years, therefore, there is a return of gold from Ireland in the month of November. It is probable, then, that a considerable amount of gold will come back this month, and at the end of the month we may expect a return of the gold which is now going to Scotland. Before Christmas, then, a considerable accession to the stock of gold held by the Bank will be made by the return of the metal from Ireland and Scotland. Furthermore, there is a considerable amount of gold on the way from Australasia and the East. It is true that the gold which has arrived during the past week from the Colonies has been bought up for export, and it is doubtful, therefore, whether much of the gold on its way will be sent into the Bank of England. In any case, however, as we have said, there will be a return of the gold from Ireland and Scotland; and the Bank Directors, knowing all this, may think that if they check the drain for a week or two they have done enough, and may therefore be inclined to relax their efforts. But this, it seems to us, would be a mistake. The drain of gold to Germany may continue, and in the present state of South-Eastern Europe accidents should be provided against. Having done so much, it would be much wiser for the Directors to go further, and effectually protect their stock of gold. In the meantime they have decided not to raise their rate of discount, fearing probably that they would not be able to carry the outside market with them.

#### THE THEATRES.

IN accordance with the apparent design of producing the most offensively suggestive plays the French stage affords, an adaptation of *Maison Neuve* follows at the St. James's Theatre the adaptation of *Le Maître de Forges*, and this in turn, if rumour be correct, is to be followed by another example of the consequences of illicit love in the shape of a version of *Le Prince Zilah*. Some time ago, in the course of an address which received at least as much attention as it deserved, Mrs. Kendal stated that she and her husband had been to see a very popular play, which they found so coarse that they were constrained to leave the theatre. In view of *Maison Neuve* our curiosity is again aroused to know what this popular play can possibly have been; for the taste that could not only approve *Maison Neuve*, but could go much further, and offer it to a discerning public, might, we should have supposed, have approved anything. It was not only in bygone days that goats were strained at and camels were swallowed. For twenty years *Maison Neuve* has been left untouched by English adapters, the reason being plain—it was too gross for the English stage. There was one situation in it which was recognized as "strong," but it was strong with the strength of assafoetida. Other situations were questionable; but now, with the chief situation unmitigated and the others clumsily vulgarized, *Maison Neuve* is presented at a theatre the ruling spirits of which could not bring themselves to sit out a coarse play. We are not writing on behalf of Mr. Gilbert's young lady of fifteen who must not be shocked, nor have we much regard for her scruples, because the drama cannot well be at once elevated to her moral level and depressed to the level of her comprehension; but we do think that all this *cochonnerie* (the word is unusual, but not uncalled for) of *Maison Neuve*, and especially of *Mayfair*, to which Mr. Pinero has lowered *Maison Neuve*, might and should have been omitted at a house the occupants of which preach cleanliness outside which they do not exhibit within.

M. Sardou has suffered sorely at the hands of his adapters. The delicate satire and keen perception of character shown in his *Nox Intimes* were completely blunted and coarsened, and the result was brought forth in *Feril*; now an even cruder process has been applied to his *Maison Neuve*. It is to be hoped that the English playgoer does not judge M. Sardou by what he sees of him through the foggy medium supplied by the adapter. The Claire of the French dramatist was at least a girl whose weaknesses one could understand, and with whom to some extent one could sympathize. She has absolutely nothing in common with the sour, morose Mrs. Roydant, discontented, moved by the paltriest ambitions, ungracious and ungrateful. No sympathy can attach to her. Mrs. Kendal misconceives the character from first to last. Except as a foil to make more prominent the generosity and tenderness of Nicholas Barrable, the kindly old uncle in whose house Mrs. Roydant and her husband live, her performance in the first act is valueless. Nor is she happier later on in the play. The interview between Marseille and Claire, when the young wife has left her humble home and plunged into the delights of her new life, has delicacy and fancy about it, and, played as Desclée played it, was rich in fascination. Claire was in a new world, dazed, enchanted. The one thing she lacked was her husband's sympathy, and there



at her side, as she rested from the fatigues of the ball, was a man who professed ardent love for her, who offered this sympathy, and who had touched her heart. She means no harm; but it is pleasant to play with fire—fire which she believes will warm and will not burn; so she lets him talk, only warning him that she does not intend to listen. (Desclee's *Vous allez m'éveiller* alone made up for many faults in the play.) To what is this translated? Mrs. Roydant staggers into the room with strongly-marked symptoms of intoxication. She has, it is explained, been taking chloral, and is affected by that drug; but the symptoms would be the same had brandy been the agent. She lies stretched out at full length on the sofa, and Lord Sulgrave makes love to her with all the air of being thoroughly ashamed of himself. In her previous interview with him Mrs. Roydant has conducted herself with such rigid propriety that one feels he dare not have made love to her had she been awake, that no man would have ventured beyond the bounds of decorum. It is an odd choice which induces Mrs. Kendal to play the parts of young wives who listen to unauthorized declarations of love. Her manner suggests Minerva rather than Venus. There is little impropriety in the scene, truly; it is only very stupid and very dull. To call this an adaptation of Sardou, and to pretend that the Mrs. Roydant is the French dramatist's Claire, scarcely rises to the dignity of a libel. There is not and could not be anything in the nature of a flirtation between so self-possessed a lady and so stolid a gentleman as Mrs. Roydant and Lord Sulgrave, and the manner in which she invites him to visit her room is consequently cold-blooded. The excellent judgment of previous managers and adapters in leaving *Maison Neuve* alone is forcibly demonstrated throughout the "great scene." Had there been evidence of genuine affection between these two, the incident might have been excusable, or at least reasonable, as it is in M. Sardou's drama; but what sort of a woman is this Mrs. Roydant who gives rendezvous to a man she has not the excuse of loving? The scene is inexpressibly coarsened by the attitude of the two characters. Nothing could be more brutal than Sulgrave's attempt to force himself on this eccentric woman—or more preposterous than the language he employs in the attempt. We are conscious of wasting on *Mayfair* an amount of attention it does not deserve, for we have not yet come to the points in which desert is manifest. The business of the drugging is ineffectively managed, and when Sulgrave has fallen down behind the sofa, and Roydant enters, it is so evident that he must have seen the quasi-dead man, that his steadfast determination not to see him, whatever chances are afforded, becomes ludicrous. No good purpose can possibly be served by the representation of such a piece as this. It only tends to prove how strangely wanting alike in good taste and artistic perception are the directors of what has been accepted as one of the leading London theatres.

We turn gladly from the contemplation of such characters to what is worthy of commendation in the play; and first of all comes the Nicholas Barrable of Mr. John Hare. That Barrable is not the Genevoix of M. Sardou we do not propose to hold up as a fault. Here in the English piece is a sound and wholesome picture from life, and a picture moreover which was in every way worth exhibition. We understand almost at a glance, at any rate after a very few words have been spoken, the nature of the old stockbroker, staunch, generous, tender-hearted; a little obstinate, confident in his own opinions, which have been learnt from experience, and presently developing a fund of quiet humour which gives salt to the whole. It is a remarkably keen and lifelike study, carried out with great skill and finish. Perhaps Mr. Hare was at his very best—but all was good—in the third act, where, visiting Roydant, and perceiving that things are not well, that his prophecies of disaster are likely to be fulfilled, in tones of deep feeling he bids the truant remember that his place in the old home is always waiting for him. This had so true a ring that we grudge its occurrence in so wretched a play. We could almost endure a second dose of the Roydants and the Sulgraves to see again old Nicholas Barrable. And Roydant is a sore trial. The arrant snobishness of his demeanour in his new home, the haughty reference to the thickness of the stair-carpet and other details of upholstery, to what the Roydants suppose to be their social triumphs, are in the worst possible taste—a variety of bad taste other than that which deals with Mrs. Roydant's deliberate intrigue. Mr. Brookfield, who has lately joined the theatre, is well provided with the part of Captain Marcus Jekyll, an evil counsellor of Roydant. There is just the right trace of caricature in this very clever piece of acting, and the whole conception is so good that nothing in it needs special emphasis. To quote the lines which set the house in a roar would be to make the reader wonder what there is in them to provoke laughter. "I'm a bit of a student," the Captain says, in deprecating extenuation of a statement that he had sat up till half-past five, and a shout of laughter arose, so quaintly did the assertion sound in face of Jekyll's obvious disposition. That he had seen Roydant dragging some one down the street, "like a d—d thought-reader"—the some one was his head clerk, whose defalcations had just been discovered—was perhaps an image provocative of mirth. These and other speeches, certainly not in themselves intrinsically humorous, were turned to much account by the apprehension of the comedian. Among the minor characters, a French maid, played by Miss Linda Dietz, merits a passing word. Some of the adapter's similes are curious, such as that in which Roydant describes himself as "swimming on the top of the water and kicking up spray which people mistook for diamonds."

Mr. Robert Buchanan has on more than one occasion shown his shortcomings as a playwright, and Miss Harriet Jay has proved herself to be an inept actress. These unfortunate circumstances are once more demonstrated at the Olympic, where a melodrama called *Alone in London* has lately been produced. Mr. Buchanan and Miss Jay—for the lady has assisted in the composition—have borrowed characters and incidents from many sources; but they have not borrowed judiciously. A number of old melodramas and a few new ones have been laid under contribution. Failing original ideas, if plays must be put together their authors must convey; two of a considerable number of weaknesses in *Alone in London* arise from the fact that the conveyance is poorly effected, and that too familiar ingredients are too familiarly mixed. The country heroine marries a burglar from London instead of the village miller who adores her. Miss Jay essays the character of a ragged street boy who rescues the heroine from perils, and finally slays the husband in the course of a struggle. Miss Roselle plays the heroine with all possible effect. Mr. Standing and Mr. Boyne take part as the bad man and the good man. There is small artistic merit in the scenery, but some mechanical ingenuity has been expended in making it fold and double. With such pieces as *Alone in London* criticism has little to do. Attention, however, must be given to the letter which the dramatists addressed to the daily papers on Friday. There is but too much reason to suppose that what is said about a gang of first-night blackmailers owes little if anything to exaggeration; but the natural question is, "As the identity of the ringleader seems perfectly well known to the complainants, why did they not at once take proceedings against him?"

Mr. Punch has done good service in calling attention to the increasing popularity of that particular form of advertisement which is known as "Second Notices." His suggestions, which have culminated this week in a proposal to abolish dramatic criticism from the face of the earth, are probably a trifle too drastic in intent to be immediately practical. What is certain, however, is that this nuisance of "second notices" is rapidly increasing. As a matter of fact, a string of such ware is equivalent to a confession on the writers' parts that the play they are engaged in backing is not a brilliant success; and that out of friendship for the playwright, or regard for the manager, or devotion to the British theatre, or some motive equally honourable, they think it their duty to make-believe in the opposite direction, and try to persuade the public that there never was such an excellent entertainment in the world. To this rule there are, of course, some noteworthy exceptions. But that in the ordinary course of things there is any more in "second notices" than the facts just stated is what only the very simple-minded can be expected to believe. It is unnecessary to quote examples; they will instantly occur to everybody interested in the theatre, and, besides, the cheerful and candid "Flexible Nibbs" has spared us the trouble.

Something, no doubt, may be put down to the defects of a *première*; and, indeed, there are many who are heartily agreed with "Flexible Nibbs" in his determination "never to write about a first night's performance, and only on very exceptional occasions to be present at a *première*." But this does little or nothing to improve the position. Not only is it found impossible to tell a good play from a bad one; it is apparently just as impossible to distinguish a piece that will succeed from a piece that is born to be a failure. The public, it would seem, takes counsel with none but itself. Its professional advisers go on advising, but it is to not much purpose, if to any. In spite of critical cold water, the successful play succeeds; and in spite of "second notices," the failure finds its level, and disappears into the eternity of oblivion—"as is its nature to."

#### MODERN THOROUGHbred HORSES.

BECAUSE Melton and Paradox are two good horses, as horses go, the normal worshipper of our English racers has been singing a psalm in their honour; but, unfortunately, the sudden avatar of the French filly Plaisanterie has interrupted that triumphal chant, and the exulting hymn has quavered down into something very like an elegy. The sporting writer in the *Morning Post* assumes a grand moral tone, and tells us that her victory, and the victories of other highly-weighted foreigners in the Cambridgeshire, is discreditable to English horses, forsooth! Now it seems to us that, if the ghost of any famous English steed were summoned up to act as advocate from his Elysian loose box and ambrosial oats in the other world, he might with good reason argue thus:—"It is not we, the Houyhnhnms, who have done all this mischief, but you—the Yahoos." As, however, the topics on which he must necessarily dwell—namely, the knocking to pieces of two-year-old colts, with "their bones unfashioned and their joints unknit," the sacrifice of stamina to speed, and still more the transference of so many of our best, and more especially of our soundest, horses and mares to foreign countries—have been discussed over and over again, without any practical result, it is perhaps as well to leave the brilliant and impressive speech of the four-footed orator—to the reader's imagination. Still, if anything, however trifling, can be done to prevent this old pre-eminence of England, which was not only a feather in her cap, but also, both for peace and war, a sinew of strength in her arm, from being like so many of her other preeminences utterly thrown away, the opportunity should not be neglected. This opinion of ours seems also to be that of others, as a very sensible article,

after a silence of fifty years on the subject, has just appeared in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*.

The article, as we have said, is sensible and interesting; but the writer, however well up in modern racing, knows but little of the history of the Turf, and, though he protests in a sort of way against Admiral Rous's well-known paradox about Eclipse and Highflyer, his protest resembles the Hartingtonian protests against Mr. Chamberlain too closely, to give old-fashioned fogies perfect satisfaction. It is, we fear, too late to prevent foreign blood-horses, particularly if bred and reared in southern climates with adequate care, from equalling—one will not yet say from surpassing—our own; but a careful review of the past may check further deterioration—if we have deteriorated—or, if Admiral Rous and the modern trainers are right, may clear the way for further improvements by silencing us, the fossil croakers, once for all. When we say that the writer of the article named knows more about modern than ancient racing, we may point out as illustrations of our meaning, first, his somewhat vacillating sentence about the coming over of the Darley Arabian; that horse, according to him, reaching England at the beginning of Anne's reign, or a little before. Now the Darley Arabian foaled in 1700 was transported to England in 1704, his passage—and he was well worth the money—costing one hundred guineas; we got him over here, therefore, two years after Anne's accession to the throne, and not a little before. The matter in itself is of small importance, but the hesitation and uncertainty that it shows prevents the article, as we should say on a racecourse, from getting well off. Again, when he stands up for Eclipse and Highflyer, he does not seem to understand that there are other horses, such as Atlas, Goldfinder, Dorimant, Shark, Potatoes, &c., who, even if not equal to Eclipse (and in Goldfinder's case there was a great difference of opinion on that point), were much too near Highflyer to be put aside, in considering the case of "the Old versus the Young." Besides this, in treating of the general question, does it not occur to him, or rather to the more devoted acolytes of the grand old handicapper, that between Eclipse and Voltaire (and some of us obsolete ones can go a good way further back than Voltaire) the interval of years is almost exactly the same as between Voltaire and his descendant St. Simon? According to Admiral Rous's theory, Voltaire, perhaps, certainly Velocipede, Touchstone, and Bay Middleton, all practically belonging to the same period, have been some five stone better than those contemporary platers of theirs with whom Admiral Rous ranks Highflyer and Eclipse. Now Eclipse must have surpassed his platers even more decidedly than they did theirs; so that the English racehorses between 1770 and 1830 must have improved by leaps and bounds at the rate of nearly a stone per generation; wherefore Priam or Velocipede, and still more Touchstone and Plenipotentiary and Bay Middleton a year or two later (all of them exceptional horses), would have been about 11 st. better than, let us say, Corsican (the last horse defeated by Eclipse) and his compeers. Now look and see what horses of that class could do twelve years before Eclipse was foaled; that is, a whole equine generation further back than him.

In 1752 Mr. Shafto, to whom the celebrated Goldfinder afterwards belonged, undertook to ride fifty miles at Newmarket in two hours. Ten horses—useful horses, no doubt, but of a low class as racers—were assigned to him, and he accomplished his task with some twelve minutes to spare; in other words, making allowances for pulling up, dismounting, mounting again, and getting his fresh horse into a gallop, to say nothing of the obvious probability that he would not risk tiring himself or any of his animals, and so losing the match by overpressure during the last fifteen or twenty miles, when victory was safe, these platers of 1752, 11 stone worse than our great horses of the present time, were each able to run over five miles in something like ten minutes. Until, therefore, Mr. Shafto's match is explained away, it is ridiculous to talk of the great champions of the eighteenth century as mere Rous leather-platers, and the question may drop. As to the time occupied by particular races, the writer of the article very justly cavils at Mr. Day's assertion that Dulcibella's Cesarwitch—run in 4 mins. 1 sec.—is the fastest performance on record. We can only say that, if Mr. Day wipes out all previous timings, as a schoolboy wipes out yesterday's sum from his slate, we have nothing behind us to make a comparison with, and it is idle to raise the question; whereas, if he does not dispute the older estimates, he must be labouring under some hallucination. Faster races can be found in Orton's Calendar (and he was judge or clerk of the course at York for many years), by the score. However, not to go back to Firetail, or Brilliant, or Sir Solomon, or Filho-da-Puta—*cum multis aliis*—we shall content ourselves with instancing two races, run, one in 1824, the other, perhaps the most remarkable contest of the century, in 1827. Fair Charlotte, a good mare, but not of the highest class, was the winner in 1824. She accomplished her two miles in 3 min. and 28 secs., and, if she had employed a smart biped to finish off the extra 240 yards, would still have outstripped Dulcibella. In 1827 eight of the best horses in England started for the Doncaster Cup—won by Mulatto—and four of these had to walk in. The two miles and five furlongs were completed in 4 mins. and 10 secs.

There is a good deal of moaning from time to time over the decay of the Godolphin male line, which now depends solely upon Barcadine. Of course, if you send great horses like West Australian and Reveller abroad, it becomes difficult for them to beget colts in England—inasmuch as not being birds they cannot be

in two places at once; but we may console ourselves with this reflection, that the Godolphin blood is not lost; Whalebone, the typical sire of the nineteenth century, the grandfather of Touchstone and great-grandfather of Stockwell, having within him seven distinct strains of it. The odd thing is, that if one of the three accepted ancestors has failed in this respect, it is the Darley and not the Godolphin Arabian. If Bartlett's Childers were claiming a peerage, as heir-at-law to Flying Childers, one would not give much for his chance of success; and it is from him that Eclipse descends, and through him that he claims kinship with his Darley predecessor. We think it more likely than not that he was his ancestor as well as his predecessor; but that is all that can be said. Bartlett's Childers was a Yorkshire horse, the Darley a Yorkshire stallion; but we have no belief in the supposed brotherhood between Flying Childers and Bartlett's Childers; nor, so far as we can judge, had the Mr. Wetherby who edited the first volume of the stud-book.

To conclude, our opinion remains what it always has been—that, though perhaps for a single race, even over the Beacon Course, St. Gatien or St. Simon might beat Shark, Dorimant, Potatoes, or Highflyer, still, none the less, valuable qualities belonging to the primitive breed have been gradually weakened and destroyed. Such a career as that of either Dorimant or Potatoes would be impossible at present. Foreigners are wiser than we are in attending to the soundness and constitutions of their racehorses; and, unless we take the utmost pains (perhaps whatever we do now), such victories as those of Plaisanterie will rapidly become the rule, and not the exception.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday's concert was of an unusually tuneful character, and in the midst of what is most melodious in the works of such masters of melody as Weber, Mozart, and Mendelssohn even the work of Herr Dvorák appeared somewhat out of place. Herr Dvorák's genius is symphonic rather than dramatic. In his *Spectre's Bride*, for instance, the exigencies of pure music interfere terribly with certain niceties of expression and accent; yet in that work he shows a power of preserving unity of feeling amidst varying forms which is especially valuable in symphony, where the bond of dramatic progression is unavailable. His first movement, *Allegro Maestoso*, perhaps because it immediately followed the *Oberon* Overture, seemed stranger and harsher than the later numbers; its coda, however, finely lashed up to full excitement, and then dying away in sighs and sobs, is an admirable idea. The most directly melodious of the movements is the *Andante*, which begins with a succession of four or five beautiful subjects, in which the wood wind predominates. The second (flutes and oboes) and the last (horn and oboes) are remarkably catching and romantic. Some elaborate working up of a vague, pathetic passage which passes from clarionets to flutes and strings very effectively leads to the repetition of all the themes, followed by a coda which is beautifully and serenely instrumented. The *Scherzo* and *Trio* are full of ingenious device, characteristic rhythm and accent, and complicated and scholarly elaboration. The return of the *Scherzo* is made very noble and striking by well-conceived change of treatment. Though not without the contrast of mellow and cantabile passages (as the flowing second subject), the *Finale, Allegro*, for the most part moves to firmly beaten rhythms. It is the most daring and grandiose of the series, and its general character is broad, strong, and vital. The difficulties of this practically new music may well excuse a certain coldness and unsteadiness of execution. In amends we have seldom heard a much better performance of Weber's *Oberon* Overture, which stood first on the programme. This has always seemed to us the most inspired of Weber's preludes; much as it resembles the others in structure, it blends a sort of weird sweetness and fiery fantasy in a way entirely its own. The *Andante* where the horn plays a similarly important part is even more exquisitely dreamy, the *Allegro* yet more jubilant and inspiring, than the corresponding passages of the *Freischütz* Overture. It is, in fact, in music one of those unique things which, like *Kubla Khan* in literature, are unequalled by any of their author's other works, and are totally unlike the great efforts of any other man.

Mendelssohn's melodious *Concerto in G minor* for piano is another of those works which, from their very polish, seem thrown off in a single easy jet of inspiration. The soloist, who made her first appearance here, was Signorina Gemma Luziani. The orchestral *Tutti* is a mere nothing, and the piano comes in on a brilliant passage which she executed creditably. Her playing of the principal solo in the *Allegro* was full of grace and sympathy. In the *Andante* she exhibited a sensitive touch, intelligent phrasing, and considerable feeling. In fact, she has great delicacy of gradation in piano and forte, and a way of grasping the essence of a melody that is astonishing in so young a player.

Of the *Romance* from Mozart's *Serenade for Strings* it is best to say little; in speaking of such a work one fears to exaggerate. It is so graceful, so exquisitely pathetic; and yet something indefinable, something heroic and stirring, saves it from any touch of effeminacy or over-sentimentality. The solos for piano were an *Etude in E major*, a *Nocturne in D flat major*, and a *Valse in C sharp minor* (Chopin), played with singular elegance



and understanding by Signorina Luziani. Mr. W. Winch sang the "Barcarole" from Gounod's *Polyeucte*, and an ordinary song, "Queen of my Heart," by Ernest Ford. He lacks breadth, simplicity, and justness of accent.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Incidental Music to the Merchant of Venice*, a long orchestral composition, containing a tenor serenata, "Nel ciel seren," concluded the concert. This music is certainly among the best things the popular composer has ever written; but the work is rather too long, and is hardly strong enough, to be placed at the end of a concert.

## ART EXHIBITIONS.

AT Mr. McLean's Gallery, Haymarket, three paintings representing the modern Roman school are prominent in an exhibition that includes examples from many Continental art centres. The first and most notable is Benlliure's "Preaching in a Parish Church in Valencia" (15), a work of astonishing cleverness and scarcely less astonishing in its inequality of technique. In the vast and lofty church the preacher, with uplifted hands and dramatic gesture, is brilliantly projected from the dark recess of the pulpit, and the strong light that illuminates him falls directly on the forehead of his hearers—a group of fashionable ladies, whose white-lace mantillas and gay dresses offer a startling contrast to the sober figures of monks and peasantry in the gloom beyond. The effect is garish and violent, the delicate draperies and lace being represented by the impasto of spots or blotches, with the most disconcerting results. The desired effect is, in truth, overwrought, the problem unsolved, and, instead of the broad shimmer of localized light on silks and laces, there is nothing but the spottiness of mere paint. The spacious atmosphere of the interior, the skilful chiar'oscuro, the force and vivacity of the admirable figures, scarcely atone for failure in this, the vital centre of the composition. Another ecclesiastical interior (29), by A. Mas y Fondevila, is a vigorous presentment of worshippers prostrate or standing before a glittering shrine; a work of unrefined naturalism, cleverly handled, but neither in aim nor accomplishment anything better than debased Benlliure, touched with unconscious caricature. The third Roman work, T. Barbado's "Mariage d'un Prince" (19), is a large canvas with a few good figures, some finely painted copes and the like vestments, but for the rest an empty and meretricious rendering of a trite theme. With these characteristic illustrations of the aspirations of Fortuny's followers and the pride of Roman art may be compared "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" (60) by Munkacsy, which finds a temporary place here. The concentrated force and quiet intensity of this familiar picture acquire fresh significance from the superficial and smart dexterities of its present company. There remain for notice a few examples of less famous artists that are neither pretentious nor void of inspiration. Foremost of these is "A Shepherdess—Brittany" (16), by Pierre Billet, a pathetic rustic figure, set in a green woodland pasture, with her little flock beyond and her dog by her side. The relation of the poor forlorn girl to the sad green landscape and scattered sheep is expressed with rare delicacy and truth. "Shrimpers" (21), by the same artist, a subtle study of three girls on a misty sea-shore at sunrise, with less imaginative power, is equally sympathetic. "Mussel Gatherers" (35), by Eugène Feyen, is a fine rendering of broad light and beamless atmosphere, with figures excellent in drawing and character, though the sheen of the wet sand and its reflections are feebly suggested. A good example of Israel's, "The Fisherman's Wife" (17); a small though representative Roybet; a very dashing and clever Madrazo; and a charming study of three beautiful Venetian girls, by E. de Blaas, are among the chief attractions of an interesting collection. The last named should be the most popular, as it is assuredly the most fascinating, of the artist's brilliant and vivacious works.

Admirers of still-life will find in the works of Mr. William Hughes at the Burlington Gallery, 27 Old Bond Street, a practical exposition of the range of treatment open to the painter whose aims are legitimate. The artist's development is here shown to have known several well-marked phases, now tending to the purely decorative aspect of still-life, now offering varied instances of direct imitative skill, more or less free from studied arrangement. In works that represent the labours of some twenty years diversity of aim might well be expected, though its extent in Mr. Hughes's collection is certainly a surprise. From the skilled rendering of a plate of peaches—in which imitative dexterity verges on deception—to such examples in decorative art as the peacocks in "Juno's Favourite" (17) and the exquisite drawing of the dead swan in "Beautiful in Death" (29) is a tolerable ascent in a branch of art whose limitations are peculiarly inflexible. It is in his application of decorative principles that Mr. Hughes attains his highest distinction. His unrelieved and unadorned fruit-pieces are frequently excellent specimens of technical skill. Even of that most unpromising of fruit-subjects—a dish of strawberries—Mr. Hughes has made a delightful picture; yet it is more profitable and pleasurable to turn to the decorative panels of "The Vine" (28, 33), to the beautiful "Song of the Sea Birds" (26), to the skilful harmonies of the "Golden Wedding" (24), and to the many renderings of dead game or fruits with glass, metal, or draperies. In these the grace and propriety of the arrangement are no secondary factors in the presentment.

Mr. H. A. Olivier's drawings, on view at the Fine Art Society's

Galleries, New Bond Street, illustrate life and scenery in Cashmere and India with no small graphic power. They are valuable and interesting for qualities of brightness and vividness in giving generalized effect, as with all good topographical sketches. This is noteworthy in the Cashmere landscapes, where the atmospheric conditions, the visibility of the distances, the pure brilliance of sunlight, the accentuated shadows are skilfully rendered. The strange and fascinating landscape "In the Liddar Valley" (13) is a forcible instance of this convincing and literal fidelity. The Indian sketches comprise a number of lifelike illustrations of native customs and the general round of life in Poona and Benares, which merit investigation, though too slight and too obviously the memoranda of the tourist to provoke criticism.

The collection of water-colours exhibited by Messrs. Hogarth at 96 Mount Street offers a rare opportunity for the study of English art in its most individual aspects. The drawings, which are forty-nine in number, are almost all excellent, and include specimens by the more famous of the twelve original members of the old Society of Lower Brook Street. Girtin and Cotman, Barret and his gifted pupil Finch, W. Müller, Newton and Copley Fielding make a strong show; Hunt, Varley, Bonington, Prout, and others being less fully represented. In addition to these, artists better known for work in oils—as Crome and Constable—find a place in this interesting gathering. Vexed by the clamorous experiment and eccentricity of much modern art, the eye is soothed and the mind profited by these sufficing examples of knowledge and skill. The examples of Girtin include one masterly instance of happy generalization—the "Heath Scene—Sunset" (9), with its prodigious effect of dusky space and unfathomable mystery produced by the utmost simplicity. The small minutely-touched "Bridge and Shipping" (14), on the other hand, recalls something of Turner's early work; while the low-toned scenic presentment of hill and valley in No. 12 is yet another striking proof of Girtin's versatility. The Cotmans also present considerable diversity. Of the architectural drawings the best is the "Norwich" (30), a street vista terminated by the soaring spire of the cathedral—a subject of extreme difficulty, brilliantly accomplished. A somewhat similar subject by Bonington—the "Calais" (24)—appears flat and turbid by the side of Cotman's admirable perspective. The best of G. Barret's drawings is the "River View—Sunset" (8)—a rocky defile opening beyond into a spacious flat country, over which a mass of cumulus hangs islanded in the calm summer sky. The delicate rendering of golden air, the pure serene of the sun-suffused landscape, the noble repose of the composition, are powerfully suggestive of Claude. Not less Claude-like in style and sentiment is the foreground of Finch's "Towards the Sea" (10), a landscape fraught with mysterious influence, recalling the delectable visions of Spenser, or some similar pastoral enchantment. Of several fine drawings by Müller, all boldly handled and sombre in colour, the most effective is the "Hilly Scene" (29), where the figure in the dim foreground is a truly romantic circumstance in a weird scene. Copley Fielding is represented by a spirited seapiece, "Dover" (36), very fine in atmosphere; a "View in Sussex" (23), and a "Scene in Yorkshire" (42), of unusual character, its rich harmonies and general scheme of colour betraying the influence of Gainsborough. Two brilliant little landscapes by Bonington, a large and curiously elaborate Crome, a characteristic view of mountain and lake by Robson, and a charming rustic scene by H. Edridge, must be mentioned as meriting special attention. The interest of Messrs. Hogarth's exhibition is not measurable by the number of works shown or the imposing catalogue of names, but rather by the high average quality of the works.

Mr. Carl Haag, whose works are exhibited at the Goupil Galleries, New Bond Street, is one of the few foreign artists who have been early attracted to the English water-colour school, and while remaining faithful to some of its principles, he has preserved through more than thirty years a well-marked individuality. The present exhibition includes many very familiar drawings and a vast number of sketches, involving much iteration and no slight impression of monotony when considered as a whole, which displeasing result might easily have been avoided by the exercise of a little judgment. In the East, of which Mr. Haag is one of the most vivacious and versatile interpreters, the problems of light and colour and atmosphere are so abundant, the aspects of life and landscape so fruitful in suggestion, that the artist's pictorial material is practically boundless. Yet we find in Mr. Haag's landscapes a strong predilection for one or two atmospheric effects, admirably rendered indeed, but repeated so frequently that the suggestion occurs that for Mr. Haag the fervid sun of Egypt does not exist. Many powerful drawings—e.g. "The Acropolis of Athens" (25), "The Sphinx of Gizeh" (26)—may be noted where the ferruginous sunlight glows on monumental architecture, or the swirling sand clouds in mysterious gloom skirt the horizon, or "the moon is up, and yet it is not night." The Arab and his camel, in such brilliant and imposing drawings as "Ready for Defence" (16), "Danger in the Desert" (68), and "Happiness in the Desert" (75), are consciously idealized, and hint so little of the toil and dust of their desert journeying as to be wholly divorced from their surroundings. The question raised does not concern the artist's acknowledged skill in treatment; it is rather, is this the East, or is it a stage presentment? Leaving this debatable matter, we come to the figure-subjects, portraits, drawings of architecture, in which the display of fine draughtsmanship, characterization, and invention is frequently astonishing. In conjunction with ruined temples,

mosques, or tombs, figures are admirably grouped, and produce the most telling effect. The finest perhaps of the architectural subjects is an interior showing the vaults beneath the Temple area (15), a wonderful study of arched vaulting and grey crumbling pillars; the whole series, however, that deals with Oriental monuments, with Baalbek and Palmyra, Jerusalem and Cairo, is rich in attraction to artist and archæologist.

At the comfortable Galleries of the Nineteenth Century Art Society in Conduit Street the enjoyment of the serious visitor is somewhat mitigated by the hard necessity of discovering, among the four hundred paintings and drawings, the few that merit more than a shuddering glance. When these are found, there is not much to note that has not been the subject of former observation. Mr. W. J. Shaw's "Bolt Head, Devon" (195), is a powerful rendering of tumultuous sea, though sky and coast are weak and lifeless, partaking of the pale tone of the water. "The Mill" (212), by Mr. Arnold Helcke, a vigorous impression of twilight and gleaming water, is a sound, unconventional piece of work. Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Fisherman's Rest" (120), like all the artist's Venetian work, is excellent in tone. Mme. de Steiger's "Portrait" (28) and "The Sorcerers" (172) possess merit, though the flesh in the latter is hard and crude, and the detail full of ill-distributed accents. The best of the portraits is Mr. Tuke's "Richard S. Marriott" (84), a strong example in colour and modelling. The landscapes are not above mediocrity, nor are the water-colours of special distinction.

#### RICHTER CONCERTS.

**A** MORE admirable concert than that given on Tuesday last we have rarely heard anywhere. It is not too much to say that the orchestra was throughout perfect, while the rendering of the "Liebes-Duet" from the *Walküre* was beyond all praise. Special commendation is due to Mme. Valleria for her artistic and careful singing, which formed a most agreeable contrast with her performance of last season. Mr. Edward Lloyd sang with more feeling than he usually displays, although the weather had told somewhat upon his voice. Altogether this, one of the greatest of Wagner's achievements, could hardly have been heard under more favourable circumstances. Brahms's beautiful second Symphony was faultlessly interpreted. The only number which was in any way disappointing was Mozart's "Andante and Variations in D Minor, for strings and horns," which was decidedly wearisome. The effect of the finest rendering we have yet heard of the No. 2 *Leonora* Overture was seriously interfered with by the numbers of people who came in after the concert had begun—a practice which will, we trust, be soon put an end to.

#### RACING.

**A**BOUT a week after the race for the Middle Park Plate there was some racing at Sandown which threw further light upon it. As every one will remember, an outsider called Braw Lass had finished a neck behind Minting and a head before Saraband for the Middle Park Plate, and at Sandown Braw Lass came out for the Great Sapling Stakes of 1,000*l.* It was singular that not one of the seven two-year-olds that ran for this valuable stake had ever won a race. Yet most of them were youngsters of high blood and price. As yearlings, Sagitta had cost 2,050 guineas, The Sun 1,700 guineas, Deuce of Clubs 850 guineas, and Braw Lass 600 guineas. Deuce of Clubs, a colt by Robert the Devil, was made first favourite; but Braw Lass beat him by a length, and The Sun was a bad third. If Deuce of Clubs is as good as common report would have it, Braw Lass's performance must have been an excellent one, and her running in the Middle Park Plate was in that case no discredit to Minting or Saraband.

Very rarely are English racecourses so hard throughout a summer as they have been this season, yet very rarely is Newmarket Heath so heavy during a race-meeting as it has been this autumn. The Criterion Stakes, over the last six furlongs of the Cambridgeshire course, on the opening day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, is one of the oldest and most celebrated of two-year-old races, and its winners have won both the Derby and the Oaks three times and the St. Leger six times. On the present occasion the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde, by Bend Or out of Lily Agnes, won in a canter by three lengths from Oberon, while Mephisto ran a bad third. It will be remembered that Ormonde had suddenly sprung into fame twelve days earlier by beating Modwena for a Post Sweepstakes. Oberon had been beaten three times, including a half-length defeat by Volta, who, again, had been beaten by Modwena, so it was hardly likely that Oberon should have beaten Ormonde. Mephisto had won two races, but with nothing very good behind him, and he had twice run second to Kendal. There had been some very in and out running between Kendal, Modwena, and Volta, but, taking it as a whole, and judging of it, directly or indirectly, through Modwena, Oberon, and Mephisto, in its relation to Ormonde, we may assume that the latter is many pounds better than any of the lot. Some allowance, however, must be made for Mephisto's wretched form in the Criterion, on the ground of the cough from which he is said to have been suffering. To gallop up a hill, over a deep course, is

trying at the best of times, and especially so when a horse has only recently recovered from any affection of the breathing.

The once famous Luminary, Melton's only conqueror, won his first race of the season on the Cambridgeshire day, and it was but a 100*l.* sweepstakes, after all. On the same day, Energy showed the white feather, in a race for a 200*l.* Plate. Archer appeared to be winning very easily with him as he came into the Abingdon Mile Bottom, while Cannon seemed to have got all he could out of Lucerne. The latter, however, ran gamely, whereas Energy, as soon as he perceived that there was to be a bit of a fight, declined to exert himself any longer, and was beaten by a head.

The day after the Cambridgeshire, we had Ormonde out again for the Dewhurst Plate of 1,602*l.* He met a fair trial horse this time in Gay Hermit, a winner of six races and several thousands in stakes. Yet Gay Hermit had run a very moderate second to Minting, and he had run "in and out" with both Philosophy and Modwena. In fairness to this colt it should be remembered that his admirers maintain that he is overgrown, and consequently not yet up to his best form. Another competitor that had distinguished herself was Miss Jummy, the winner of the Buckenham Stakes, the Rutland Stakes, and the Clearwell Stakes, yet she had been unplaced in other races to Modwena, whom Ormonde had already beaten. Nevertheless, Miss Jummy was a better favourite than Gay Hermit. The fourth and fifth in the betting were a couple of promising colts, with plenty of size, that had never before run in public. These were the Duke of Westminster's White Friar, a white-legged chestnut by Hermit, and Mr. Peck's Murdoch, by Muncaster. The remaining six starters require no special notice. For the Dewhurst Plate, the course is over the last seven furlongs of the Rowley Mile, and is therefore a furlong longer than the course for the Middle Park Plate. Perhaps almost more interest than usual was taken in the race this year because Paradox had won it on the previous occasion, just after his defeat in the Middle Park Plate and his sale by the Duke of Westminster to Mr. Brodrick-Cloëte. Speculations on this year's Derby had been to a great extent based upon the result of these two races, and it seemed far from improbable that the Middle Park Plate and Dewhurst Plates of this season might have almost as important a bearing upon the Derby of next year. There were no false starts, and Atheling made the running to the T.Y.C. winning-post. Then Whitefriars made the pace for his stable-companion, Ormonde. Gay Hermit had had enough of it as they came down the Bushes Hill, and Miss Jummy was settled with before entering the Abingdon Bottom. After that point, only the favourite and the two novices were left in the race, and Ormonde won very easily by four lengths, while White Friar and Murdoch ran second and third, with only a head between them. The second and third favourites, Miss Jummy and Gay Hermit, finished about three lengths behind them, and at a still wider interval came the nearest of the rest of the field. If this running was true, Ormonde may be at least as good as Minting and Saraband, although we have hitherto had no means of exactly testing his merits in relation to either of those colts. The form shown by White Friar and Murdoch, although much below that of Ormonde, was very good, especially when we take into consideration that they were running in public for the first time. Allowing for the advantage of 4 lbs. which they both had over Gay Hermit and Miss Jummy, this performance, if it is to be trusted, would make each of them a little better than either of that pair. All the five horses just noticed are entered for the Derby and the St. Leger, and Miss Jummy is also entered for the Oaks.

The Free Handicap Sweepstakes brought out a field of four. Paradox was, of course, a wonderfully strong favourite, and nearly 3 to 1 was laid on him. Aveline had lost nine races this year, but she had won two in October; and, moderate as she may be, 34 lbs. seemed a good deal for any horse to give her. King Monmouth, again, who was receiving 13 lbs. from Paradox, was not unfavourably handicapped; for he had shown fair form this season of a second-rate kind. Paradox, however, galloped away from them very easily, finishing a length in front of the nearest of the pair. "Mr. Manton's" powerful and well-shaped colt, Loved One, won the Cheveley Stakes, and the Duke of Beaufort's Travancore won the Troy Stakes. This colt had also won the Troy Stakes at Stockbridge. In a race for a 200*l.* Plate, Prudence, a two-year-old, beat Melton's very fast half-brother, Pearl Diver, by three lengths. Prudence had won her only other race by two lengths, when she beat fifteen opponents, so it is difficult at present to say how high we may not class her. On the Thursday the stud of the late Mr. Bowes was sold at Newmarket. Few men have raced longer on the English Turf than Mr. Bowes; and, if his luck had deserted him for a time, it seemed to be returning just before he died. After all, to win four Derbies, and to win the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger in one year, must be held to counterbalance a long spell of racing ill-fortune. His racing and breeding stud realized 17,155 guineas, and it was generally considered an excellent sale. The average was about 856 guineas—an average, however, less by fully a third than that obtained at Lord Falmouth's two sales last year. Mr. Bowes's famous brood mare Polonaise, with two of her children, made 8,150 guineas, and, though sold in separate lots, they are all said to have been purchased by one lady. The two celebrated two-year-olds, The Devil to Pay and Jacobite, would, of course, have brought higher prices if they had not been disqualified for the Derby and St. Leger by the death of their nominator. As



it was, the former made 4,100 and the latter 2,250 guineas. Their yearling sisters made respectively 2,000 and 1,000 guineas. The two-year-old Cardinal Wolsey, who had won three races and lost two, went for 1,000 guineas. The prices now brought in by the stock of Robert the Devil, coupled with the success of Band Or's son Ormonde, go far to glorify those two famous rivals. After the sale of Mr. Bowes's horses, another colt by Robert the Devil, called Deuce of Clubs, was sold for 3,500 guineas—a great advance on his cost price of 850 guineas. As we observed above, this colt had run second to Braw Lass for the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown. If Braw Lass's good second to Minting was to be depended upon, Deuce of Clubs ought to be at least one of the best second-class two-year-olds of the season, and, although he may not have great pretensions for the Derby, he is not disqualified for that race, like some of the lots that were sold before him. Assignment, a two-year-old that had won four races, went for 700 guineas to the Duke of Hamilton, realizing less than she had won in stakes.

Just as the share-lists are often interesting comments on foreign politics, so do the betting-lists often serve as valuable criticisms of what racing-men call "public form." The day after the Dewhurst Plate there was some betting on the Derby which was interesting even to many people who never gamble for a farthing. Ormonde, Minting, and Saraband were equal favourites at 6 to 1, or, to speak more accurately, 1,000 to 150. The Bard, who has had the most successful two-year-old career ever known, was backed at 8 to 1, and Braw Lass and White Friar were equal favourites at 16 to 1.

On the last day of the meeting, Loved One beat his former conqueror Mephisto, as well as Volta, for the Home-Bred Foal Stakes, winning by three lengths, but both Mephisto and Volta had been coughing. Two of the fastest horses in England, Energy and Despair, met at even weights for the All-Aged Stakes, and the race had another interest, independently of the relative speed of the competitors, as both horses have the peculiarity of shirking when pressed, and it was doubted which would run the greatest cur of the pair. They both wore blinkers, and Energy made the running, with Despair following him good humouredly enough. Then Archer took a pull at Energy, and, as they passed the Bushes, the horses were scarcely cantering. On the hill Despair tried to stop, so Archer seized the opportunity to slip away with Energy, who won the race by five lengths. There was a good race between Miss Jummy and Sunrise for a Post Sweepstakes, the first-named winning by three-quarters of a length; but she was receiving 3 lbs., an allowance to which, it was discovered after the race, she had not been entitled, so she was disqualified. The Jockey Club Cup fell, as was expected, to St. Gatien. He galloped in fifteen lengths in front of Lavaret, the winner of The Whip and three other races. As much as 10 to 1 was laid on him, and with good reason too. Although Lavaret was not a very high trial-horse, the style in which St. Gatien won was extraordinary, if somewhat unnecessary. Altogether, the Houghton Meeting was exceedingly interesting, as it had need to be if it was to make up for the wretchedness of the weather.

#### CUPID'S MESSENGER.

AT the Vaudeville farcical comedy is preceded by Mr. A. C. Calmour's one-act play, *Cupid's Messenger*, in which Sir Philip Sidney is introduced as the victim of a pleasant trick devised by his sister, Mary Herbert, in the interests of Fanny Walsingham, his beloved. The conjunction of modern farce with the stage presentment of the mirror of his time, the courtly Astrophil—"Who knows not Astrophil?"—is somewhat strange, and must perplex the serious patron of the British theatre. Mr. Calmour's agreeable little play is too slight in texture to try very severely a modern audience, either in its plot or its poetry, though the latter element is not inconsiderable. Mistress Fanny Walsingham confides to Mary Herbert her fear that Sidney is too much involved in platonic addresses to great ladies to be deeply attached to herself, whereupon her friend undertakes to assure her of his fidelity by arousing his jealousy. When the lovers meet this is effected by the sudden entrance of Sidney's sister in the guise of a page, bearing a letter from a pretended claimant to the hand of the beautiful Fanny Walsingham. While this lady retires to consider her reply Sidney waxes more and more wroth with the gibes and innuendoes of the saucy page, till the two actually cross swords—an incident a little incredible in itself, though it leads to a pretty situation and satisfactory conclusion. The piece is nothing but an elaborated episode, though it has truer claims to be considered poetical than many poetical plays now acted. Mr. Calmour's diction is sometimes too determinedly Elizabethan, and deserves the criticism applied by a poet and contemporary to Sidney himself—"that he keeps not a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself"—though this, certainly, is far preferable to employing the stock language of the modern poetaster. Miss Millett gives a pretty and subdued rendering of Fanny Walsingham, and Miss Kate Rorke plays the page with such spirit and gusto that it is no discredit to Sir Philip to fall before her strategy. Mr. Everard, as the poet, supplies a sufficiently gallant reading of the part, though more accordant with conventional notions than with the record of history.

#### FASTNESS.

MANY a poet, in these bad times, is robbed of his life's most cherished joys; Many a poet is bothered, and bullied, and worried, and harried by printers' boys.

Raving editors, never at rest, and never letting contributors be—What is it all but a clamour for millions of billions of trillions of rhymes from me?

Rhymes to this word, rhymes to that word, poems enough to fill the *Times*,

Thousands of publishers yelling to me for a popular torrent of rhymes upon rhymes.

Stately images, noble similes, harrowing sentiments, wonderful tropes,

Lines that will scan, and lines that won't scan, racial tendencies, far-reaching scopes.

Life is a hurry and bustle for poets exactly as if they were commonplace men;

Truly, whenever they publish nonsense they're sure to be called on to do it again!

Tireless energy, such as the patriot's, sturdily tolling the chapel bell;

Tireless—aye!—till the last death-ruckle—and what a death-ruckle is, who can tell?

Lines, and Rhymes, and Verses, and Stanzas—all old forms that have been on earth;

All new-old back-writer's devices run out again—what are they all of them worth?

What the facility, what the rapidity, what the fertility misunderstood?

What the true Poetry lost in the meaningless, much that is rubbish, and little that's good?

What is it all, if they all of them only want something that poetry might have been;

Scribbled with Fastness, lost in Dulness, drowned in the deeps of a cheap Magazine?

What but a screeching of asses that bray, and of apes that gibber, and snobs that bawl?

Peace, let them be! there are fish in the sea; and that is the principal thing, after all.

#### REVIEWS.

VITA HAROLDI.\*

THE historical romance—for it is little better—professing to be the biography of King Harold, has already been twice printed, first in Michel's *Chroniques Anglo-Normandes* (1835), whence it was copied by Dr. Giles (1854), whose edition is now out of print. The present editor, Mr. Birch, has collated the text with the unique MS. in the British Museum, has given us two chapters omitted by Michel, and has added an English translation, the making of which has, he intimates, been no light task. The unknown author of the *Vita Haroldi* cultivated the graces of style, as then understood, to such an extent, and succeeded in being so involved, obscure, and high-flown, that it is often almost impossible even to guess his meaning. Moreover the MS. is evidently a copy made by a scribe ignorant of Latin, and there is no other copy extant by which to correct its errors. Mr. Birch has printed it as philologists desire, with all its medieval peculiarities—with the simple *e* instead of the *æ* or *œ* of standard orthography, with *set* for *sed*, with the *j* eliminated in such words as *regicio*, *ejicio*, &c., and with the aspirate occasionally added to such words as *abundo*; an addition, he observes, "no doubt, marking the peculiar pronunciation of Latin by our insular scholars." The fact, however, that the form *habondance* is found in early French shows that the addition of the aspirate was not peculiar to our island; and the New English Dictionary supplies us with the explanation that it was due to a fancied derivation from *habere*. With such a crabbed text, few readers, we should think, will be found so proud as to disdain the aid of the translation; and certainly we have not been among those few. Mindful of our obligations, we feel some scruples in offering any criticism upon it; but there are some passages which seem to us susceptible of improvement. We doubt whether "*Hunc vidit etiam pie recordacionis canonicorum regularium apud Waltham abbas primus . dompnus Walterus .*" should be rendered "The Abbot of the regular canons at Waltham . . . was the first to see him." "*Abbas primus*," we take it, is simply part of the description—"the first Abbot" of the new foundation of regular canons. "When I, the present writer, was confined in the same place at Chester," hardly conveys the force of "*michi qui hec scribo incluso in eodem loco*

\* *Vita Haroldi: the Romance of the Life of Harold, King of England*. From the Unique Manuscript in the British Museum. Edited, with Notes and a Translation, by Walter De Gray Birch, F.S.A., a Senior Assistant in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum; Honorary Secretary of the British Archaeological Association; Member of the Committee of the Palæographical Society, &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

apud Cestriam." This, we think, should have been rendered, "When I was a recluse in the same place, &c." (see Du Cange on *Inclusi, Reclusi*). So the heading of the chapter begins "Narratio inclusi," the recluse, here translated the hermit. A point seems to have been missed when, speaking of the pseudo-Harold, the author is made to say, "He, indeed, disguised both his face and his name, because his name was known to all, and his face to many." But the original has "Qui enim nominis appellatione universis cicatricum vero suarum inspectione quibusdam innotuerat: vultum simul et vocabulum occultabat." The *resemblance* of the romance was heightened by representing the supposed Harold as bearing the marks of the wounds received by the real Harold at Senlac or in earlier wars; and further on we find more than one mention of his gashed and scarred face. In another passage the translator has shown himself somewhat lacking in that familiarity with the phraseology of the Vulgate which is as indispensable to the understanding of a pious mediæval author as a familiarity with the English Bible is to the understanding of a Puritan author. In the text we read of Harold in his regenerate state, when he courted persecution and fled from praise:—"Quos ergo diu sustinuerat supra dorsum suum fabricantes: peccatores subterfugit. caput sibi impugnare festinantes." The first clause is, of course, an echo of Ps. cxviii. (or cxix.) 3:—"Supra dorsum meum fabricaverunt peccatores"—in our versions, "the plowers plowed upon my back." But the translator, evidently not recognizing the allusion, has rendered the passage:—"Therefore he evades liars and sinners whom he had for a long time borne upon his back, when he saw they were hastening to strike on the head"—the liars, we suppose, being fabricated out of *fabricantes*. In the latter part of the sentence, equally obscure in Latin and in English, we may perhaps hear an echo of another Psalm (cxl. 5):—"oleum autem peccatoris non impinguet caput meum," according to the received text of the Vulgate. Confusion is easy between *impugnare* and *impugnare*, which last reading is recognizable in our Prayer-book version—"Let not their precious balms break my head." "Recolens" at the beginning of Chapter XIV. should surely have been rendered as "calling to mind" or "recollecting," not "living," which destroys the sense of the passage. "A head-dress" does not adequately represent *filtrum* ("filtro vertex adumbratur"), which means a felt [hat or cap], the French *feutre*. It was a pity to turn the "*Alemannorum imperator*" into "the King of the Alemanni." This early instance of the use of the inaccurate title of Emperor of the Germans should have been preserved. An obvious slip of the pen in the note at p. 85—Henry I. for Henry II.—should be corrected; and so should the entry in the meagre index of "Ailard, physician and abbot." Ailard or Adelhard was at the head of the schools in the college—not then an abbey—of Waltham, and the title of abbot is not applied to him in the text.

Of the biography itself, the work doubtless of a Waltham writer, probably about a hundred and fifty years after the battle of Hastings, there is the less need to speak at length because the most important part of it has been already critically examined in the third volume of the *History of the Norman Conquest*, to which, by-the-bye, Mr. Birch makes no allusion. If he is not acquainted with this part of Professor Freeman's work, he, as editor of the *Vita Haroldi*, ought to be—especially as it contains some arguments to meet the difficulty which he feels in accounting for a Waltham writer wishing to prove that Harold was not buried at Waltham—and if he is acquainted with it, there is something ungracious in ignoring the labours of his predecessors. As the subject has been so thoroughly gone into, we will only remind our readers that the *Vita Haroldi* is mainly descriptive of the holy life of Harold after the battle of Hastings or Senlac—where, according to received history, he was slain. But, according to the romancer of Waltham, this was all a mistake, for which Edith (she of the Swan's Neck) was chiefly responsible. Being unable to identify any one among the mangled and blackened corpses, she at last made her choice rather at random, and it was accepted by the Canons of Waltham without further question. Our biographer is one of the two authorities who directly mention Edith—her surname of Swanneshals comes from the other Waltham writer, the author of the *De Inventione Sancte Crucis*—and it is curious to notice the shamesfaced way in which he lets out her relation to his hero. While Edith and the Canons were lavishing their care upon the corpse of some nameless churl, the true Harold, covered with wounds, stunned, and left for dead, had been carried off and tended by some charitable women. Two "frankalinos sive agricolas" then conveyed him to Winchester, where he was hidden in a cellar and healed by a woman *genere Saracena*, skilled in surgery—a humble representative of that romantic tribe of Saracen or Jewish doctresses, of whom Ivanhoe's Rebecca is the chief. With the Swan's Neck on one side, and the Saraceness on the other, here would be a fine situation for a modern novelist; but the Waltham writer composed with a view to edification. His Harold wastes no thought upon either Christian or heathen woman; and though he is, at first, so far worldly as to wish to recover his kingdom, and to that end to seek the aid of his kinsfolk the Continental Saxons, and of the Danes, he eventually comes to the conclusion that he is opposing the will of God, and he thenceforth devotes himself to a life of pious austerity. He wears his coat of mail under his clothes by way of mortification, and spends many years in pilgrimage, till he thinks himself old enough to rest, after a fashion. He then becomes a hermit near Dover, and next, to make himself as uncomfortable as possible, he takes

up his abode in Wales, where, though he does not reveal his identity with their former conqueror, he is sufficiently knocked about by the natives—beaten *verberibus acerrimis* by robbers, plundered of provisions and clothes, and tortured to extort the money he has not got. At last, having converted his persecutors, he retires into peace as an anchorite at Chester, veiling his scarred face so closely that he has to be led about by a servant. Nevertheless his identity is suspected, and is half owned by him in the ambiguous words that at the battle of Hastings there was no one dearer than himself to Harold. On his deathbed he reveals his secret to a priest called Andrew, well known to the recluse from whom this part of the story is derived, and who represents himself as having succeeded to Harold's cell and servant at Chester.

Such is the romance—a poor one enough, but with much in it that is curious. One would like to know whether all about the priest Andrew and the servant Moses and the mysterious veiled recluse at Chester was pure invention, or whether, as is not unlikely, there really was some such hermit, perhaps in truth a survivor of the great battle, and not unwilling to let it be thought that he was the fallen King Harold.

#### AMERICAN STORIES.

IT is one of the amusing anomalies of modern publishing, as that art and mystery are understood in England, that a serial story which is contained in the twelve parts of a sixpenny magazine is reissued in three volumes at the prohibitive price of three half-guineas, and that a briefer tale like this *Maruja* of Mr. Bret Harte's, for instance, after appearing as the chief attraction, copiously illustrated, in the summer number of a pictorial weekly paper sold for a shilling, is now reissued after a brief interval without the illustrations in a single volume sold for two shillings. The only one of the illustrations which has been "taken over" from the periodical to the book is that which adorns the polychromatic cover, and this one, we are sorry to have to say, is one of the illustrations which do not illustrate—a variety only too frequent in modern magazines—for it represents young Guest when he first appears as a tramp wrapped in a *serape*, whereas the text distinctly sets forth that he was clad in an old army overcoat. Another instance of carelessness in the new edition, due perhaps, chiefly to that broad-backed scapegoat the proof-reader, is the occasional and inartistic huddling into long paragraphs of the short sentences of give-and-take dialogue. We are inclined to attribute this to the fact that *Maruja* was perhaps a little too long for the single number of the journal in which it originally appeared, and had thus now and again to be typographically condensed. But surely the tale might have been restored to its fair proportions when it appeared as a book, especially as it is perhaps a little too brief to go forth by itself alone, and has needed to be sustained and strengthened by the use of the most generous type and of broad leads. These, of course, are matters purely between the publisher and the public, and have nothing whatever to do with the merits—which are many—of Mr. Bret Harte's interesting tale. Like certain other of the author's stories, this short novel is a study of a feminine enigma; it is the setting forth and the solving of the puzzle of a most fascinating sphinx. *Maruja* Saltonstall is the daughter of a New England Yankee who has gone to one of the provinces of Mexico which the United States have taken in charge, and who has there married the heiress of a long line of Mexican grandees. As the father has died years before the story begins, the inherited Spanish influence of family and of the habitation have asserted themselves triumphantly to the concealing, although not to the crushing out, of the traces of Yankee blood. *Maruja* is a study of heredity, of the mingled and contending influences transmitted to a child by its father and its mother. It is a study made with all Mr. Bret Harte's delicacy and subtlety. As to the plot, or rather to the sequence of events, for in the exact sense of the word there is no plot, we shall say nothing; the reader who knows Mr. Bret Harte's other tales will read this, and he knows what to expect in the main, and to detail the successive situations is never quite fair either to the author or to the reader. The story contains, as we have suggested, a most romantic admixture of the old Spanish-American and the new American life; and the contrast of Old Spain and of Young America is both humorous and dramatic. But as we objected to the artist's error in depicting the younger Guest, so we are inclined also to protest against the author's presentation of that character; it seems to us that he is altogether too object a tramp in the beginning of the story ever to have developed into the perfect gentleman we leave him at the end of the tale; and, at all events, the transformation is too rapid to be quite credible. And we may note also a startling invention of the author's for which he deserves the very greatest credit; he has discovered a new way of getting rid of a villain. To the best of our recollection Mr. Bret Harte was not one of the novelists invited to attend the meeting of story-tellers which was reported two or three months ago in one of the evening papers, and at which the best method of "vanishing a

\* *Maruja*. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus.

\* *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. London: Chatto & Windus.

\* *A Wheel of Fire*. By Arlo Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



villain" were discussed at length. His presence would probably have been of little benefit to his fellow-craftsmen, for his invention is scarcely adapted for general use by writers of fiction. Often enough has the villain been killed by an opportune engine of a railway train, which runs him down just in the nick of time; but never before, unless our memory fails us, has he been a crack-brained half-breed, who sees in the railway the work of his enemy and of the enemy of the house which it is his inherited duty to protect, and who therefore injudiciously lassoes the locomotive as it issues from a cutting. "The next moment the train had passed; rider and horse, crushed and battered out of all life, were rolling in the ditch, while the murderer's empty saddle dangled at the end of a lasso, caught on the smoke-stack of one of the murdered man's avenging improvements." Surely this is a fine touch of tragic irony.

*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* is like *Maruja*, in so far as it is a study of men and manners in a region hitherto neglected by the novelists of America, most of whom seem to prefer attempting to solve the minute enigmas of Bostonian character, or to reduce the fascinating equation of the pretty girl of New York. "Charles Egbert Craddock," like Mr. Bret Harte, like Mr. G. W. Cable, like Mr. Joel Chandler Harris—the creator of *Uncle Remus* and of *Mingo*—has done wisely in going further afield for her stories. Masculine as the name sounds, "Charles Egbert Craddock" is the pseudonym of a young lady, Miss Mary Murfree. Her first appearance in literature was with a short story published several years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and followed slowly by others, which revealed for the first time to the readers of modern fiction the sincere, rough, and manly mountaineer of the Southern States. The volume into which these stories were gathered, *In the Tennessee Mountains*, was received in America with keen appreciation and abundant praise. It was followed by the strong and striking novel called *Where the Battle was Fought*, which we reviewed not long ago. While the present novel, *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, was appearing serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* Miss Murfree laid aside the mask of her *nom de guerre*. Perhaps it was as well, for in *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* there is a distinctly feminine touch, an intuitive sympathy with a woman's moods and feelings, which might have betrayed the sex of the writer. Perhaps this is criticism after the event; but it seems to us that this last book is more distinctly a woman's book than the other two. It used to be the fashion to see a something Shakespearian in the writings of "George Eliot"; and in this same spirit we can see in the writings of "Charles Egbert Craddock" a something quite George Eliotish—if that is the proper adjective. In part, no doubt, this is due to conscious imitation by the American writer, but in part also to her possession of a full share of certain of the same qualities. Miss Murfree has a gift of dialogue not unlike George Eliot's for one thing. There are two or three scenes in *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* which recall the ale-house gossip in *Adam Bede*. Her dialogue is always sharp and incisive; it suggests character without effort; and it is at times delightfully humorous. The simple-minded preacher, for example, who gives his name to the story has a habit of going up into the mountain to pray; and this allows the young man who is jealous of the heroine's interest in the prophet to exclaim petulantly, "A man ez hev got ter h'ist hisself on the bald [*i.e.* the top] of a mounting ten miles high—except what's lacking—ter git a purchase on prayer hain't got no religion wuth talkin' about." And the poor prophet himself, when his soul is possessed by doubt as by a devil, and when he wanders through the mountains racked by despair, notes "the weird suggestions of a will o' the wisp glowing in a marshy tangle," and cries suddenly, "That is it! that's my religion: looks like fire, an' it's fog!" And the Squire, the justice of the peace of the mountains—a justice of the peace of Shakespearian timidity and vacillation—is said to be "so oncertain in his mind that I hev bearn ez ev'ry day he counts his toes ter make sure he's got ten." Consider also the speech in which old Cayce, a "moonshiner"—that is to say, a maker of untaxed whisky—reveals the dignity and the pride of his family when the sheriff has hastily threatened Cayce's daughter with the gaol unless she betrays the whereabouts of her lover, who is "wanted" because he was witness to a murder. "He shall rue it!" he cried, "he shall rue it! Me an' mine take no word off'n nobody. My grand'dad an' his three brothers, one hundred an' fourteen year ago, kem hyar from the old North State an' settled in the Big Smoky. They an' thar sons rooted up the wilderness. They crapped. They fit the beasits; they fit the Injun; they fit the British; an' this last little war o' ourn, they fit each other. Thar hev never been a coward 'mongst 'em. Thar hev never been a key turned on one of 'em or a door sliet. They hev respected the law fur what it war wuth, and they hev stood up for thar rights agin it. They answer fur thar word, an' others hev ter answer." As will be seen from these quotations, the dialect and the men of the Tennessee Mountains are rough and uncouth. The men are simple and sturdy, ignorant, and leading a hard life, and yet with an inherent nobility. The dialect is harsh to English ears and eyes, but it is readily mastered. Her own style, excellent as it is in many ways, is disfigured by a growing tendency to over-preciousness and to the abuse of so-called "word-painting," and by an occasional carelessness, which allows her to write "enthused" and "rayonnant," two very unpleasant and illegal vocables.

Mr. Bret Harte's story ends happily, and Mr. "Charles Egbert Craddock's" story ends unhappily—that is to say, the lovers are

not married in the last chapter—but both are pleasant tales to read, and may be recommended without restriction to the regular novel-reader. But the third tale on our list, Mr. Arlo Bates's *A Wheel of Fire*, is not a story which we may advise the young man and maiden to peruse. It is a strong and serious story, and from the man who wrote it much may fairly be expected in the future; but it is as painful as it is powerful. It is a study of hereditary insanity—of the awful doom which hangs like the sword of Damocles over the head of the young and lovely heroine. The treatment of this repulsive theme is most artistic, but the result is not the less repulsive. There is true beauty in the telling of the tale, and there is real feeling revealed in it and honest emotion. It is such a story as Hawthorne might have thought of, although it has not the exquisite delicacy with which Hawthorne would have wrapped it, if indeed his refined taste would not have prevented his writing it at all. Mr. Arlo Bates has the tendency to over-elaboration and to the minute analysis of Bostonian trifles which so many of the younger novelists of the United States have borrowed from Mr. Henry James. But there is nothing epicene in his book; the author's men are masculine and his women are womanly. Indeed, he seems to us to have an unusually delicate perception of feminine traits. The comedy-heroine, Miss Elsie Dimmont, is a very clever sketch of the American Girl—a delightful study of a tantalizing variant from the accepted type of that charming young lady.

#### C. S. CALVERLEY.\*

THE late Mr. Calverley was the hero and the poet of British boyhood, of the Universities and public schools. Though he did not even attempt to cope with Mr. W. G. Grace and Mr. A. G. Steel in those manly arts which most readily appeal to the young, he preserved an extraordinary buoyancy and audacity, mental and physical, which were exactly the qualities that we admire in early years. At Harrow, at Balliol, at Cambridge Mr. Calverley (or Blayds, as he was named when at Harrow and Oxford) left behind him a memory and a tradition. Scarcely any other man, however distinguished at college, however famous in after life, has been so fortunate in being thus remembered. Mr. Calverley preserved a coolness and ready wit rare at the Universities, where even Masters of Arts have been known to say that they "always lose their presence of mind when they meet a Proctor." Mr. Calverley, on the other hand, made those replies to Head-Masters and those repartees to Heads of Houses which have now gone the round of the papers, extracted from the pleasant little Memoir by Mr. Walter Sendall. There is not, perhaps, much more than high spirits and good-humoured "cheek" in the tales about how "Blayds scored off the Master"; nor do we feel at all confident that, with the master of to-day, Blayds would have been equally successful. The myths about the present autocrat of Balliol present him rather in the attitude of the scorer than of the scored off. However, Blayds certainly had the last word with Dr. Jenkins, till the Balliol dons, with that tendency to resort to the *ultima ratio*, sent Blayds down for good. It is impossible not to relapse into the epic diction of that remote period when we speak of the heroic age of Blayds. Mr. Sendall gives a few of the mural inscriptions which helped to make his reputation at Balliol, but glides gently over that awful scene, the Last Common Room, when Blayds uttered his last public jest at the Dons. The memory of the event has become mixed, in undergraduate tradition, with another such occasion, as the memories of Charles Martel and of Charlemagne are blended in the *chansons de geste*.

Was it Calverley or another bard who commemorated the fall of a hero in these touching lines?—

How came it that his terms, grown short,  
Were cut thus early shorter?  
Oh, 'twas that first he floored the Port,  
And then—he floored the Porter.

These waifs of song—

Of old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago—

these memories of academic celebrities, float about the recollections of a college, and end by attaching themselves to the name of the best-remembered hero. There are anecdotes told of Calverley at Christ's College, Cambridge, which were certainly told about an earlier undergraduate in another University. Each Master of a College succeeds, after a few years, to all the anecdotes once current about his predecessor, who, again, inherited them, so that, in an old College—like Balliol—or University the good things may be at least as ancient as the Wars of the Roses. But, in addition to his repute for witticisms, far better deserved, doubtless, than the few that have been rescued, prove Calverley, in youth, had a province of his own. He was a great jumper, before the days when jumping was a thing of "records" and scientific precision, and when the barrier to be jumped was only a lath laid lightly across two pegs. In that genre "Brookes of Brazenose" has built himself an everlasting fame by clearing, we think, six feet two inches and a quarter in height. Professor Wilson

\* *The Literary Remains of Charles Stuart Calverley*. With a Memoir by Walter J. Sendall. London: Bell & Sons. 1885.

*Verses and Fly Leaves*. By Charles Stuart Calverley. London: Bell & Sons. 1885.

too, before he was a Professor, is fabled by De Quincey to have leaped the Cherwell where it is twenty-three feet wide. This, if it could be proved, outdoes the exploit of Tossell of Oriel, and his famous jump was not a water-jump. Wilson's feat, in truth, is on a level with that wonderful leap on the ice attributed to Skarphedin by the *Njala*. But the bigots of our iron time will hear of no exploits not vouched for by official umpires. We shall never know the limit of Calverley's powers; he preferred to go at dangerous leaps like the Merton jumper, who cleared, almost without a run, "in and out," the tall and stubborn spiked iron railings that border the path to the Christ Church meadows between Corpus and Merton. We quote from Mr. Sendall's Memoir an account of Calverley's prowess as a jumper:—

"In Christ Church meadows," writes the Bishop of Colchester, "there was a broad ditch, now, I think, covered, or concealed by a wall; and on the bank of this ditch grew a willow whose branches formed a Y or fork some three feet above the ground, just wide enough for a man's body to pass through. Blayds would leap over the ditch and through the fork; a feat requiring both strength and precision, and involving serious damage in case of failure. I will not be absolutely certain that I myself saw him do this, though my recollection is that I did; but I am quite certain that it was done, and I remember the spot well."

"Mr. Southwell's story is even more surprising. "At Cambridge," he says, "I remember an instance of his activity and indifference to danger. He was walking with me in Green Street; a horse in a cart was drawn up on to the pavement, the horse being on the pavement, the cart in the street. With his cap and gown on, and his hands in his pockets, and with a very short run he cleared the, I should say, astonished steed, and alighted smiling on the other side."

A wilder jump yet was taken over a hedge, about which it could only be said with certainty that there was a deep drop on the other side. There was a deeper drop than Calverley had bargained for—he lighted in a well! With so much strength, activity, and physical fearlessness Calverley could not but be popular; and to those qualities he added good humour, ceaseless mirth, and an extraordinary, perhaps unparalleled, talent for composition in verse. Mr. S. Austen Leigh has supplied the following illustration of his readiness:—

"I remember one instance of his great powers of versification. He came into my room one Tuesday afternoon to ask me to go out jumping with him. I told him I could not go because I had a set of Greek lambics that must be done that day. He said, 'Nonsense, that won't take you long.' My answer was that it certainly would, for at present I had not arrived at understanding the English—some lines of Shakespeare. He took up a pen and paper, sat himself down, and bade me read out the English. I did so, and as I read, slowly, it is true, but with hardly any stop, he wrote them down in Greek lambics, good enough at all events quite to pass muster."

At Oxford Calverley early won a Balliol scholarship and the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. He had to print his composition, as usual, and, with his accustomed high spirits, inscribed on the title-page

CAROLUS STUART BLAYDS,  
6 COLL. BALLIOL  
prope ejectionis.

When one of the tutors remonstrated, Calverley observed that "these tiresome printers would do anything." At Cambridge there are not nearly so many anecdotes about Calverley, or, if anecdotes exist, they have not been published. At Cambridge, before taking his degree, Calverley wrote that famous "Ode to Beer" which illustrates, as well as any of his work, his wonderful command of verse. What can be more fluent and graceful and better equipped with all the qualities of style than the following stanzas:—

Oh! when the green slopes of Arcadia burned  
With all the lustre of the dying day,  
And on Cithæron's brow the reaper turned,  
(Humming, of course, in his delightful way,  
How Lycidas was dead, and how concerned  
The Nymphs were when they saw his lifeless clay;  
And how rock told to rock the dreadful story  
That poor young Lycidas was gone to glory:)  
What would that lone and labouring soul have given,  
At that soft moment for a pewter pot!  
How had the mists that dimmed his eye been riven,  
And Lycidas and sorrow all forgot!  
If his own grandmother had died unshriven,  
In two short seconds he'd have recked it not,  
Such power hath Beer. The heart which Grief hath canker'd  
Hath one unfailing remedy—the Tankard.

This was the peculiarity of Calverley's muse; he could write every kind of verse with almost unmatched excellence, but, having nothing to say, like some other poets, he said nothing but mirthful follies. Another man, with his gift, would have struggled and striven and won the mild rewards of the minor poet. He was far too good a writer of verse to be popular as a mere moralist; the public would not have forgiven him his versatile genius for expression; he could not have maundered in mild blank verse and lyrics that do not scan. Nor could he have been morbid and played on minor keys; all the fun of the man came out in his poems. He thus obtained with *Verses and Fly Leaves* a very considerable popularity, which is not likely to wane for many a year. In the light of one theory of art, perhaps, Calverley may be regarded as a true and most successful poet. Mr. Courthope, in *The Liberal Movement in English Literature*, writes:—"The test of the standard rank of any poet is simply his capacity for producing lasting pleasure by the metrical expression of thought, of whatever kind it may be"—a definition which lets in Pope, and naturally admits Calverley. He certainly gives lasting pleasure by the metrical expression of thought most humo-

rous, and gay with high spirits. Perhaps his parodies were Calverley's best-liked pieces, he certainly was a parodist in a thousand. As a rule he did not imitate any given piece, but wrote as the poet he burlesqued would have written in the circumstances if suddenly visited by a sense of humour. The often-parodied *Lays of Ancient Rome* were never more cunningly imitated than by him. The Browning Society is fabled to have bought up and destroyed *Fly Leaves* to annihilate the impious legend of *The Cock and the Bull*. If Miss Ingelow never comes by her own merits where Sappho and Emily Brontë are, she must survive in *Lovers and a Reflection*. Perhaps *For Ever*, if less popular, is even more amusingly skilful:—

O thou to whom it first occurred  
To solder the disjoin'd and dower  
Thy native language with a word  
Of power:  
We bless thee! Whether far or near  
Thy dwelling, whether dark or fair  
Thy kingly brow, is neither here  
Nor there.  
But in men's hearts shall be thy throne,  
While the great pulse of England beats!  
Thou corner of a word unknown  
To Keats!

*Thoughts at a Railway Station* appear to us worthy of Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the moment when he is most convinced that Poetry is the Criticism of Life. Again, what profundity there is in the lines:—

Why are ye wandering aye twixt porch and porch,  
Thou and thy fellow—when the pale stars fade  
At dawn, and when the glowworm lights her torch,  
O Beadle of the Burlington Arcade?  
Who asketh why the Beautiful was made?  
A wan cloud drifting o'er the waste of blue,  
The thistledown that floats above the glade,  
The lilac bloom of April, fair to view,  
And naught but fair are those; and such, I ween, are you!

We cannot see why this should be less immortal, metrically it is not less beautiful, than *Adonais*, or the best things in the *Faery Queen*. Unluckily, the lines "after" *Proverbial Philosophy* can scarcely be quite appreciated by readers who know no more of Tupper than of Chapelain. It is sad that oblivion should ever scatter his poppy over a popular writer, and particularly hard on his parodist.

The volume which contains the Memoir of Calverley contains also many translations of Latin hymns, of no very unusual merit, several prize poems, exercises in Greek and Latin, and two or three pieces quite worthy of a place in *Fly Leaves*. The indolence which accompanied the author's immense natural force was converted from a habit into a necessity by an accident in quite early life. None can tell what place he might have won in the world had he fought for a place. He preferred the *fallentis semita vite*. Mr. Sendall adds an eloquent tribute to his private worth, and Mr. Besant a deeply interesting chapter on old Cambridge days and ways, when men drank beer and milk punch, and on that Long Vacation tour which Calverley wrote off in rhyme. In Calverley we probably have lost the greatest natural humorist, as distinguished from the professional grinner through horse-collars, since Thackeray.

#### NINE LAW BOOKS.\*

IT is not surprising that, out of nine recent law books claiming the notice of the critic, three should be published with reference to the approach of the general election, its conduct, and its possible consequences. By consequences the lawyer will of course understand consequences to the individual citizen as such, not to nations and the universal course of events. But, though the publication of three such works at the present moment is natural enough, it is specially interesting to find that the three observe a regular and marked gradation into first, second, and third class, like carriages on a southern railway. Nor does the classification apply only to the contents of the volumes; it is betokened perhaps even more markedly on their covers. The

\* *The Parliamentary Election Acts; with Notes, History, and Summary.* By J. M. Lely, of the Oxford Circuit, and W. D. I. Foulkes, of the Western Circuit, Barristers-at-Law. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1885.

*The Franchise Acts, 1834-85.* With Introduction and Notes. By Miles Walker Mattinson, Barrister-at-Law. London: Waterlow & Sons. 1885.

*The Voter's Guide and Canvasser's Manual.* By J. Trevor Davies, a Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and Election Agent. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1885.

*The Yorkshire Registries Acts, 1884 and 1885; with Rules and Forms.* By Reginald J. Smith, LL.M., Barrister-at-Law. Revised edition. London: Clowes & Sons. 1885.

*The Acts Relating to the Income-tax.* By Stephen Dowell, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Assistant-Solicitor of Inland Revenue. Second edition, revised and altered. London: Butterworths. 1885.

*The Law Relating to Trade Marks.* By R. S. Muesel, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1885.

*The Law of Money Securities.* By C. Cavanagh, B.A., LL.B. (Lond.), of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: William Clowes & Sons. 1885.

*The Handy Book on the Law and Practice of Joint-Stock Companies; with Forms and Precedents.* By Anthony Pulbrook, Solicitor. Second edition. London: E. F. Wilson. 1885.

*Railway Passengers and Railway Companies; their Duties, Rights, and Liabilities.* By Louis Arthur Goodeve, B.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Maxwell & Son. 1885.



thoroughly high-toned treatise of Messrs. Lely and Foulkes is bound in solid, sober-tinted cloth, and would not look in the least out of place on the judicial desk. Strict utility has obviously dictated the clear print and stiff drab-coloured boards of Mr. Mattinson's workmanlike manual. Mr. Trevor Davies has, it must be owned, draped his *Voter's Guide* in hues so flaring as not to be inappropriate to the indifferent jokes printed inside on extremely cheap paper, or to the familiar legends on the back wherein Mesdames Adelina Patti, Langtry, and Mary Anderson testify to their command of the English language and generously promulgate the secrets of the toilette.

Messrs. Lely and Foulkes have collected together in a form at once compact and exhaustive the whole of the law relating to Parliamentary elections. Their work is in the form of a digest, inasmuch as they rearrange the statutes according to subject, but they give the full text in every case. It is divided into six parts, treating respectively of Qualification of Electors, Registration, Constituencies, including the schedules of the Redistribution Act in full, Disqualification of Candidates, the Election, including the Corrupt Practices Acts, and Election Petitions. For this purpose no less than 149 statutes have been laid under contribution, nine of them, according to the authors, having been passed during the last year. One of the nine, however, has but an incidental connexion with the subject, as it is the Secretary for Scotland Act, and furnishes to the present work only the section which saves the new Secretary from being disqualified by his office for sitting in the House of Commons. The book contains a terse but sufficient introduction in the nature of a summary of contents. The Acts of which the whole or parts are printed in their appropriate places are elucidated by occasional notes; but as no judicial decisions have yet been given upon the new statutes, which form the principal part of the book, these are naturally brief. In the second edition they will be more frequent and copious, and, inasmuch as the varied merits of the work will probably cause an early demand for another issue, it is equally natural and reasonable to hope that it will be prepared with the same care, and will show the same completeness of execution, which characterize its predecessor.

Mr. Mattinson's work, which we have ventured, in a purely metaphorical sense, to describe as second class, is a much humbler affair. It gives the text only of the three great Acts of this year and last—the Franchise, Registration, and Redistribution Acts. From the schedules of the latter Mr. Mattinson prints a somewhat scanty selection; but there is a very plain and intelligible "time-table" for the use of overseers, telling them what they are to do on which days of the year, which will make every disinterested reader thank Heaven that he is not an overseer. This book has the advantage of Foulkes and Lely in cheapness, and in no other respect.

As is Foulkes and Lely to Mattinson, so is Mattinson to Trevor Davies. Mr. Davies, whose work is divided into 348 brief and somewhat artless paragraphs, does not trouble to give the text of any Acts, or of any part of any Acts, because all words in Acts of Parliament are caviare to Mr. Davies's general. This arrangement leaves Mr. Davies free to put his own construction on every enactment, or to leave it out, just as he pleases. Thus, in treating of the subject of parochial relief, he says broadly that it is a disqualification, and it is only on another page that he remarks that, "if the Medical Relief Disqualification Bill . . . becomes law, . . . the receipt of medical relief only will not disqualify." But he does not say what medical relief is. Some of the paragraphs are paraphrases—good, bad, or indifferent—of the law, and some are only Mr. Davies's speculations; for instance:—

219. It would be a questionable act for an employer to pay the day's wage, having first canvassed and persuaded the men to vote as he wished them, especially if it has been his custom to deduct the time lost by his servants on other occasions.

It must be confessed that the railway-carriage metaphor rather breaks down here. A third-class carriage is not so comfortable as the others, but it takes you where you want to go. Mr. Trevor Davies takes you nowhere.

The public announcement made not long ago by the Prime Minister that Lord Halsbury not only thinks that there ought to be an efficient system of registering titles to land, but is sanguine enough to hope that he may be the man to establish it, gives a singular opportuneness to the appearance of Mr. Reginald Smith's edition of the Yorkshire Registries Act of last year and the amending Acts with which it has already been honoured. It is common knowledge among lawyers that the registration of deeds has been attempted nowhere in England with better success than in Yorkshire, and there not so successfully as to encourage frequent endeavours in imitation. The effect of the last Act on the subject will, therefore, be watched with some interest by land law reformers—by which phrase are meant for the moment not people who want to steal land, but people who want to improve conveyancing—to see whether or not the Legislature will be again balked by judicial interpretation or otherwise of the result it wished to attain.

Mr. Smith intersperses the text of his three acts with explanatory notes dealing especially with those decisions upon the older Acts whose effect is left untouched by the new one, and he discusses ably and succinctly in the introduction the alterations now made for the first time. The chief of these is that the equitable doctrine of notice is no more to prevail against the registers. Notice, "actual or constructive," or no notice, "all assurances"—a word defined to include "any conveyance," and various other methods of transferring land, such as private Acts of Parliament

and orders of Court—"entitled to be registered shall have priority according to the date of registration thereof, and not according to the date of such assurances, or of the execution thereof, and every will registered shall have priority according to the date of the death of the testator," if it is registered within six months of the death, and otherwise according to the date of the registration, the only exception being the universal one of fraud, here called "actual fraud"—an expression, by the way, which must be highly displeasing to certain common-law judges who have for some time vigorously set their faces against the doctrine that there is any fraud which is not actual fraud, that is, which is not conscious dishonesty. The Act also reverses the decision of *Kettlewell v. Watson*, wherein it was held in the summer of 1884 that a vendor of land need not register a memorial of his lien for unpaid purchase-money. The inclusion in the definition of "assurance" of an order of Court is new, and so is that of a certificate of the appointment of a trustee in bankruptcy. There is also provision for registering notice of a will which from any cause cannot itself be registered in the prescribed time, and for registering an affidavit of intestacy six months after death, by which course an heir-at-law will be able to protect his own conveyances against any will that may subsequently be discovered. "Tacking" is abolished, a registered second mortgagee having priority over a first mortgagee in respect of a subsequently registered further advance of the latter, and this in itself is an experiment full of interest for real-property lawyers. Private individuals are allowed a free right of search, as long as they make copies or extracts "with a lead pencil only and not with any ink." Whether the purple pencils, the marks of which turn into marking-ink (and never come out) if they are wetted, will be permitted or not, is not stated. Mr. Smith has done his work carefully and ably. He adheres to the excellent practice, which he was one of the first to introduce, of citing cases with their dates, and giving references to all the principal reports in which they are to be found—a method which saves the readers even more trouble than it gives the writer.

Income-tax is undoubtedly a subject of sufficient dignity to be treated of in a large and serious volume. But it is to be doubted whether any one except those who are professionally interested in some case arising out of the various statutes there mentioned will care to devote much study to the careful and elaborate work of which Mr. Dowell has just published a second edition. The public at large certainly takes a great, and even a painful, interest in the loathsome subject of Mr. Dowell's labours, but they shrink from intimacy with it, being mostly persuaded that the better a man knows the law of Income-tax the more Income-tax will he find that he is required by the laws of his country to pay, and the more excruciating will be the annual pangs of his conscience when he sends in his return in the spring. Nevertheless, if any one does wish to probe the detested institution to the bottom, and to find out what its theory is, what the organization by which the tax is raised, and what the contents of the statutes by which its payment is enforced, he will find a good account of it in Mr. Dowell's pages. The introduction may raise a feeling of momentary resentment by a certain tone of slightly grandiose complacency which pervades a remark about the system which seeks to attain its object "without any unnecessary disclosure of the whole fortune and circumstances in life of the taxpayer"; but the body of the book gives a great deal of information arranged as the Legislature saw fit to arrange it. In fact, the volume reads a good deal like a series of selections from the Revised Statutes.

Whereas a number of writers, already considerable, have followed the example of an enlightened Legislature in considering trade marks along with patents and designs, Mr. Mushet has put them in a little book all by themselves. He gives, with suitable annotation, the Merchandise Marks Act, 1862, the parts of the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883, which refer, specially or generally, to Trade Marks, the Trade Marks Rules, 1883, including forms, and the "Instructions to Persons who Wish to Register Trade Marks" which some one in authority was empowered by that Act to issue. It was not the Postmaster-General, but local postmasters are bound to supply forms for this as for most other operations of State. Mr. Mushet has done his work carefully, and it is excellently printed.

The volume in which Mr. Cavanagh discourses of the various documentary forms in which money passes from hand to hand, from Exchequer bonds down to pawn-tickets, has reached a second edition. It has been adapted to the requirements of modern legislation by the inclusion, so far as they are material, of the Conveyancing Act, 1881, the Bills of Exchange Act and the cumbrously-entitled Bills of Sale Act (1878) Amendment Act, 1882, the Bankruptcy Act, 1883, the Yorkshire Registries Act, 1884, and the Rules, still called New by old-fashioned persons, of 1883. Of these the Bills of Exchange Act is perhaps the most important of those bearing wholly on Mr. Cavanagh's subject, and he points out that he has not contented himself with merely editing it in the body of his book, but has published it whole in an appendix, and adapted his text to its enactments, as every one must do who wishes to be the writer of a treatise and not the editor of a statute. As it is only six years since the publication of the first edition, it seems that Mr. Cavanagh's treatise supplies a want, and has found its reward.

Mr. Pulbrook's little volume is intended to make the ways of directors, secretaries, and managers of Companies straight, and it is to be hoped that it succeeds. It does not aim at being complete in itself, as the texts of the Companies' Acts have been duly

edited by the same author in other (presumably) little volumes, *q.v.* But with the Acts for reference and the Handy Book as a pocket companion, Mr. Pulbrook hopes that his *protégés* will be sufficiently provided for. In this book his method is conversational, his references few, and his chapters short. There is a touch of preaching in the chapter on the Management of Companies, in "hundreds" of which each director "vies with his neighbour in getting as much salary as he can, and doing as little work for his money as possible." There are other people in the world who do something of the same sort, but probably the prosperity of those Companies is problematical.

From the point of view of directors the title selected by Mr. Goodeve must appear rather an inversion of the order of nature. And what, if it had to be analysed, are the duties of a railway passenger? To wait until the train stops, to dandle kindly on your knee the drunken rough who is put in when the carriage is full, to go quietly to prison when the ticket-collector assaults you, and never under any circumstances to sue the Company, are the duties that first occur to the mind, but they are all negative. The book is intended equally for "the travelling public" and "the legal practitioner." The former may get an hour's not altogether uninteresting reading out of it, should they ever feel a sudden want of gentle instruction, but it has not on the face of it many charms for the latter. The various topics are pleasantly but rather scrappily discoursed of. The arrangement is not pedantically exact, nor are the subtleties of the legal questions touched upon exhaustively explored. But it is a nice little book.

#### SUGGESTED REFORMS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.\*

IT is, perhaps, impossible for the English Orbilius in these days to deal with school topics without castigating himself and his profession more severely than is intelligible to the public. In old days it has been so much the fashion to write of schools in the "Tom Brown" spirit—the spirit that hardly stops to reprehend the stealing of fowls or the roasting of small boys, because they form part of our school recollections—that the reaction that has now set in has almost been taken by the public for want of patriotism. Mr. Cotterill's book, however, does not offend in this respect; it imprints his personality on the mind of the reader, and it often praises his own "shop" for having carried out the reforms he advocates; but both praise and blame are all suggested in the most excellent taste. We are inclined, indeed, to think that, like many of his profession, he makes too much of individual instances, notably in the chapter on Brain Competition. But, if it would do an idle boy's heart good to read the denunciation of the "good students" implied in that chapter, on the other hand Mr. Cotterill is only repeating what every schoolmaster in England feels, that the boy whom his fellows call a "swat" or a "sap," though he may pass an examination, is not the most likely to rule India successfully.

With the main contention of the book, however, we are heartily in sympathy. This is, in short, that whilst public schools, as we know them, may fairly be said to be built on the lines of Arnold's Rugby, yet many of the laws of health have been more accurately defined since, and yet, whilst such has been the case, greater demands have been made on boys by the action of competitive examinations and an increased curriculum, till these laws better known are only more ignorantly defied. Mr. Cotterill, therefore, argues in the most impassioned language for "the development of the whole of human nature." If we were to criticize his remarks on this head, we should say that he does not make enough of the meditative boys whom no vigilance of a master and no unselfishness on the part of the athletes would make robust. We are inclined to think that there are many boys whom the utmost care of a school can only make wholesome or mildly happy; the word "robust" suggests a heresy, the heresy of turning the boys that nature intended to be meditative into muscular Christians. But we are sure that Mr. Cotterill would agree with us that a stroll by the Avon, sketching-book or flower-tin or caterpillar-box in pocket, is included in his idea of exercise, if only there be a purpose in the boy's mind other than a visit to the public-house or the tuck-shop. The wise master would not confine such boys to the playing-fields. And here incidentally let us say that we absolutely agree with what the author says in his chapter on Food. It is inconceivable that school authorities, if they believed in the sufficiency and goodness of their own feeding, should allow it to be supplemented by such noisome garbage as boys get at most tuck-shops. Dr. Bradby is the only head-master who has really ventured to assert that his school can get on without hampers. When will all head-masters unite to put down the tradition of jam tarts and ice creams for the unhealthy appetites of their schools? The answer is simple, and here we differ from Mr. Cotterill; that desirable day will only arrive when they are sure that the boys in their school get their food equally well served by the servants, that a boy who is forced by the thoughtlessness of his teacher to be late from school can still get his meal, that no foolish traditions rise up among the boys themselves that interfere with healthy digestion. In short, there is only one thing needed for all these reforms. Mr. Cotterill's schoolmaster must be a man of herculean strength, and he must not undertake too many boys. He must see that games are not shirked by the loafers or forced on the

delicate. He must keep the touch with his prefects, who, as Mr. Cotterill says, "of course will be working with the masters"; as we should add, "of course, if the masters work with them." He must live with them, must believe in their reasonableness, as Mr. Cotterill does, must convince them as he goes along, and must himself not give way to the evil influence of "tradition."

From the discussion of exercise Mr. Cotterill passes on to that of employment of time. His suggestion that summer should have less school hours in it than winter is, we imagine, no new one; certainly Rugby and Eton have long worked upon it as regards half-holidays, and, in the former school, lectures and debates are generally confined to winter evenings. On the other hand, his suggestion that boys' work should vary with their ages is capable of being acted upon. Indeed, we believe that in some schools already boys are not allowed to enter the two highest forms till they are sixteen years old. Another suggestion which Mr. Cotterill makes with regard to the school holidays being arranged so as to give boys the enjoyment of spring would be equally good if parents generally realized the advantage of country life for their sons. Mr. Cotterill's chapter on Exclusiveness has much in it that is worthy of attention. We are persuaded that the evils he touches upon there lie much more at the door of the parents than of the schoolmasters. At the same time it must be confessed that he is right in telling all masters that

The touchstone always is this: Has his education fitted the boy to employ his spare hours, when he is away from school, wholesomely and pleasantly?

We have not space to do more than indicate a few more of the hints that Mr. Cotterill has strewn broadcast over this suggestive book. It is a book that every schoolmaster and most parents should read. It might be possible to call it fragmentary, to say that it repeats itself, to say that some of the reforms suggested ignore very obvious difficulties. But no reader will call it dull, or say that it is written without thought. To take a few instances. No head-master will plead that the custom of limiting his selection of colleagues to first-class men only ensures him from making grievous mistakes. But, before being criticized so severely, he may fairly claim that the argument should be mentioned that such a limit saves him from the charge of favouritism in his selection. The same remark applies to the proposal for selecting prefects from other forms than the sixth.

Again, competitive examinations do lead to great abuse. But it is difficult to believe that the nation would be satisfied with what Mr. Cotterill suggests in their place. We believe ourselves that his idea of sending out our Indian officials at a later age than that adopted at present would be scouted by most medical men, and that a mere order on the part of the Civil Service Commissioners to the Examining Medical Board to reject more freely candidates whose health has not borne the strain of work would save India at once from some failures as public servants, and eventually make both schools and crammers more careful of the laws of health. Mr. Cotterill's suggestion that appointments at home should be offered to those successful candidates who are rejected for India seems reasonable.

Again, the chapter on Self-Help should be read specially by teachers. Probably the schoolmaster whom he criticizes as having rewritten his pupils' compositions for them would reply that he did it to teach them neatness. Certainly the system of giving out "fair copies" for dictation is useless, unless backed by as sonorous a voice as Archbishop Benson's, when it has worked wonders. And few men have the time to do what Mr. Cotterill suggests and what Canon Evans used to do at Rugby—namely, rewrite in their pupils' presence, undoubtedly a most stimulating process. We quite agree with what Mr. Cotterill says about the evils of "too much help," but we are bound to say that, with forms of thirty or forty boys each, a mere sum in arithmetic can prove that it is never likely to be a common evil.

The suggestion that there should be boy-carpenters and boy-levellers of the cricket-ground would involve much waste of plant, but it is a suggestion in the right direction. We have long thought that each school should provide its own "cricket professional" either from the masters or the boys.

We cannot conclude without saying a few words on what Mr. Cotterill calls "a common ground of knowledge" in education. Premising that we entirely disagree with what he says in another place on the ruin it is to all pleasure in a book for an older boy to have to get it up for examination (for we have relished even *Tickwick* the more in consequence), we are quite in agreement with his general principle when he says:—

The subjects taught at present to young boys are not as useful as they might be, either in the light of trainers, sharpeners of the brain, or as mediums of useful and really indispensable knowledge.

We wish, indeed, it were general to teach boys more English, to "steep" them in English literature, to make them master the details of history and geography, and to carry out this when dealing with all boys in every rank of society. There would be more common ground in education in these ways; more difficulties, social and educational, would so be solved; and less time and money would be wasted. We cannot, of course, pretend that Mr. Cotterill gives solutions for all the problems that he starts. But we can say this, that he starts them all on the right lines, and that no teacher or parent can fail to be the better for the perusal of his invigorating little book.

\* *Suggested Reforms in Public Schools.* By C. C. Cotterill, M.A., Assistant-Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1885.



## MR. BOULGER'S COLLECTED ESSAYS.\*

**P**ATIENT industry, assiduous attention to a few controverted Eastern questions, and considerable power as a writer, entitle Mr. Boulger to be heard on such huge subjects as the preservation of our Indian dependency and the growth of the Chinese Empire. It is not necessary in order to command a hearing that an essayist should have a profound knowledge of some Semitic or Aryan language, or that he should have filled a high post under the Government of India. He may not, to put it shortly, speak half a dozen languages like M. Vambéry, or have been tried in difficult conjunctures like the late Sir Bartle Frere. There is a perceptible want of local knowledge in Mr. Boulger's writings, as we shall show, and a certain inability to perceive some of the difficulties which beset Indian Viceroys and their Lieutenants when they deal with areas and questions which extend beyond the "Garamantians and the Indians," and which yet have an intimate bearing on a limited Indian revenue and a peculiar state of native and political feeling. But Mr. Boulger's arguments may be read with profit by those who differ with him, and at least two-thirds of this volume for some years to come may be referred to whenever the curtain shall have risen on the fourth or fifth act of the Oriental drama. Mr. Boulger's area of publication is not contracted. Forty years ago political writers generally stuck to one colour, yellow or dun, blue or pink. It is one feature of the present age that entrance into magazines or reviews ostensibly reserved for partisans or advocates of one class, is not denied to writers of opposite creeds and doctrines, provided they have something to say. The essays making up this volume have been reprinted from the *Times*, the *Westminster Review*, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, the *Calcutta Review* (established just forty years ago by the late Sir John Kaye), *Fraser*, lately extinct, and the *National Review*, now in its third or fourth year. Broadly speaking, Mr. Boulger makes all his topics subordinate to two main questions. What ought to be done to make India secure, and what may be the duty and interest of other European Powers if China goes to war with Russia or with France.

So much has been said in this journal and elsewhere as to the advance of Russia, the gullibility of Viceroys and Foreign Secretaries of State, and the remedies proposed by strategists and administrators, that we need not turn a review into a long political disquisition, and adjudge praise and blame to those who cried "Back" or "Forward," as the Etruscans did when the Lord of Luna had been slain in Macaulay's Lay. But Mr. Boulger is claiming rather more than we can concede when he says in effect in his preface that only a limited circle of educated and experienced persons held views on Russia which once were thought to be exaggerated, but which have been proved too true. British distrust of Russia, her promises, her intrigues, her stealthy preparations, her advances always made on the safest calculations and when the attention of England was called off from the true scent, has been the feeling uppermost in the minds of a wide circle of Anglo-Indian administrators for three or four generations. What those experienced men differed about was, no doubt, how the advance was to be anticipated, counteracted, and met. Dislike and doubts of Russia were universal in India before the same feeling arose in England. Lord Lawrence himself, to whose political sagacity and instinct Mr. Boulger hardly does justice, sounded the note of alarm more than sixteen years ago in one of the very last despatches sent home by him, at the close of his Viceroyalty, to a Conservative Secretary of State. No man was more alive to the evil effects of Russian encroachment, whether shown by the vacillations of a Cabinet or by the disparaging rumours current in the Punjab bazaars. And those who shared his confidence and formed his school are morally confident that he would now have been the first to act with vigour, to spend money on defences, and by all the resources of our civilization to make our Indian Empire secure, if not absolutely invulnerable. Mr. Boulger has evidently no notion of the practical difficulties of carrying out measures which he, like others of his school, recommends with fair show of reason and with much aid from the course of events. He can have no trustworthy authority for saying that the district of Candahar is capable in itself of maintaining a force of 100,000 men; still less that this province would produce a "revenue easily capable of defraying all the expenses incidental both to its military occupation and civil government." He proposes to garrison Candahar with only 8,000 men, of whom 5,000 should be Anglo-Indian troops and 3,000 Afghan militia. We doubt if there is any one military officer of experience who would endorse this proposal or trust the Afghans. Of the dislike of native troops to a protracted occupation of Candahar; of the home-sick feeling of Sikh, Brahman, and Poorbea; of the policy of garrisoning the citadel and town with Indian Mahomedans only; and of the necessity of a constant system of relief to prevent sickness, intrigues, or chronic hatred of foreign service, these essays take not the smallest account. An Indian administrator, of whatever school, must look to the fancies of the Sepoys, to the financial burden on the Indian artisan and Ryot, and to the feelings of the Chiefs and the educated classes. Enough for the present will have been said and done if that outpost is connected with India by railway, and if a force be maintained at Quetta or in the Peshin Valley, able to occupy the

capital of South-Western Afghanistan at the first movement of the wire. One good result, it has been truly said, has been secured by recent diplomatic correspondence. England must herself make her own frontier inviolable. There must be no more simpleton's belief in the bland explanations of Russian diplomatists. Neither ought any more telegrams to be sent to any Amir or Wali telling him, as in 1873, that the Gladstone "Cabinet did not share the alarm of Shere Ali." To a reliance on the capacity of India to resist invasion, and to the determination of every English Administration, Liberal or Conservative, to aid any Viceroy in its defence, Mr. Boulger by his attitude and persistence has certainly contributed. But he should not pose as the gifted seer who saw clearly while every one else was blind. He should not invite a comparison with the Mr. Chuckster of Dickens, who, on the intimation that Kit Nubbles had been charged with a crime of which he was ultimately found to be innocent, assumed the attitude of a prophet whose predictions, scorned at the time of their delivery, had at last been found to be true.

With more pleasure do we turn to the last and larger half of the volume, which treats of the capacity of the Chinese Empire, the intelligence of its inhabitants, their aptitude for military service, the opium traffic and cultivation, the rise, success, and fall of the Atalik Ghazi of Kashgar, three celebrated Chinese generals, and the probable future of that vast population, with its ancient, complex, but stationary civilization, and its not very interesting history. Here Mr. Boulger can hold most critics at a distance. No one but a missionary of the C.M.S., a Collector of Sea Customs, who knows five thousand words out of a language containing eighty thousand, or some undaunted pioneer like the late Mr. T. Cooper, the late Mr. Margary, or the late Captain Gill, could question his statistics or criticize his views. He tells us a good deal in a compact shape, and his literary ability invests his narrative or disquisitions with as much attraction as in their nature is possible. To the ordinary reader China has been known as a vast and untrodden Empire which furnishes to Englishmen what a celebrated speaker who preferred a periphrasis to plain language once termed "that preparation with which every member of this House begins his morning meal." The Chinese have been widely known also as the early discoverers of a deadly engine which they employed for centuries in fireworks and festivities instead of war. It now seems that the population contains materials out of which good soldiers can be made; and Mr. Boulger gives us a concise history of three eminent commanders. One named Panti flourished in the middle of the last century and fell by the hand of an assassin, after "he had laid the greater part of Central Asia at the feet of the Emperor Keen Lung." The second succeeded Panti and was known by a name which is equally difficult to pronounce as to write, Tchao-hoei. This commander overran Kashgar and Yarkand, conquered Little Bokhara, known to the Chinese as Hoesipou, established the Emperor's authority there for a century, and died in peace, full of years and honours. The trio is made up by a commander still living, known to us as Tao Tsung Tang, and we have no reason to think that Mr. Boulger exaggerates his merits as a strategist, a disciplinarian, and an administrator. A man who put down the Tungani rebellion, reconquered Kashgaria, converted raw material into seasoned troops capable of conquering in three campaigns, and marched triumphantly over 2,000 miles of country, if not exactly a Cæsar or a Hannibal, has clearly a natural genius for war. There seems no more reason to disbelieve in the generalship of such a Chinaman than there is to doubt Gibbon's account of the valour and capacity of the eunuch Narses. A standard treatise on the art of war strikes us, like so many other Chinese productions, as savouring somewhat of pedantry. It is supplemented by a formidable Blue Book, laying down a vast number of rules for the formation of the army and for what answers to a militia, for commissariat and transport, for pitching camps, managing horses, employing scouts and spies, and manœuvring in front of a hostile force. Probably the three successful generals commemorated by Mr. Boulger owed more to their own natural talents than to successful examinations in any Chinese Jomini. It is, indeed, high time for China to awake from the delusion which we are beginning ourselves to share, that literary qualifications should decide the claims of an officer to promotion, and that the man who could pass the best competitive examination would necessarily make the best general.

Mr. Boulger's history of the opium traffic has a special value at this time. It cannot be too often repeated that the cultivation of the poppy in Yunnan and recently in other Chinese provinces, has increased, is increasing, and will not be put down. Edicts have been promulgated, warnings issued, and severe punishments threatened, and all to no purpose. There seems no reason to apprehend that the consumption of the indigenous and the imported drug may not go on *pari passu*, just as in Great Britain the introduction of foreign claret and light wines has had no very perceptible influence on the consumption of ale and beer. Mr. Boulger hardly does justice to the great difference between smoking and chewing opium. There is no more necessary immorality in the opium-pipe than in the cigar or the tobacco-pipe. It is the chewing that does the mischief, and then only when carried to excess. It has long been known that the Chinese Government derives a revenue of about one million from the Customs levied on this import, and in all probability the result of recent diplomacy will be to double this amount. It scarcely fell within the scope of Mr. Boulger's essay to describe the process by which the poppy is cultivated under State licences in the provinces of Behar and Benares,

\* *Central Asian Questions: Essays on Afghanistan, China, and Central Asia.* By Demetrius C. Boulger, Author of "The History of China, England, and Russia in Central Asia," &c. With Portrait and Maps. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

and the opium manufactured and stored in the Government factories of Patna and Ghazipore. Possibly there are still some fanatics who for an idea would impoverish the Indian Ryot, dislocate the machinery of Anglo-Indian government, diminish the Indian revenue, and increase the cultivation in China, as well as impart a stimulus to the trade in this article from Turkey and Persia. To some men monopoly is a hateful legacy of the extinct East India Company, just as primogeniture and entail are odious remnants of feudalism. But the monopoly works with far greater smoothness, and ensures more solid pecuniary results to the Ryot and the State, than could be possible if the cultivation were left, as it must be, to private enterprise, and if the drug were subject to duty at the place of shipment. Possibly a new House of Commons will have something else to do than risk the insolvency of India for a mere craze.

The reader of essays more worth reprinting than those of other journalists may conclude that some of them might have been omitted and others shortened, or rewritten, or thrown into one. But even if we exclude a few controversial and temporary disquisitions, a good deal will remain of interest to the practical statesman as well as to the thoughtful student of history.

#### HUNTING.\*

WE do not think we should be very far wrong in saying that this is one of the best books on hunting that has ever been written, but its subject is one about which there are many differences of opinion, so we cannot guarantee that it will satisfy everybody. At its end there is an Appendix, in which a long list is given of the principal volumes that form the "Bibliography of Hunting and Hunters," and after looking carefully through it, we see the name of no book which, taken as a whole, surpasses—we are inclined to say comes up to—the work under notice.

This book is the first of a series which is to be called *The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes*, a series that is to be edited by the Duke of Beaufort, with the very able assistance of Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson, the writer of that excellent racing and hunting work, *The Race-Course and Cover-Side*. These volumes are to be written by "men who are in every case adepts at the Sport or Pastime of which they write." To start with, the book on *Hunting* is by the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Mowbray Morris, with contributions by Lord Suffolk, Mr. E. W. L. Davies, Mr. Digby Collins, and Mr. A. E. T. Watson. If these men cannot tell us all about hunting, we should like to know who can. Two editions lie before us. The first is a large and gorgeous volume bound in blue and yellow, of which only two hundred and fifty copies have been printed, each being numbered. With the large coat-of-arms on its back, this is truly a ducal book. The illustrations are on toned-paper, and the wide margins are almost suggestive of notes. The smaller edition, as if by way of contrast, is almost as unpretending and subdued in its binding as the larger is magnificent, being bound in what used to be called a "fad colour." It is of a convenient size and light to hold; and, although the illustrations are not on a specially prepared ground, the paper on which the book is printed is cream-coloured, and pleasanter to read from than the plain white of the larger edition; moreover, the type of the smaller edition is quite as large as, if not larger, than that of the other. The illustrations are the same in both.

The Duke of Beaufort dedicates the *Badminton Library* to "one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time"—the Prince of Wales. "When hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better," says the Duke, who adds that his shooting is "first-rate and workmanlike." "He is held to be a good yachtsman"; "his encouragement of racing is well known, and his attendance at the University and other important matches testifies to his being, like most English gentlemen, fond of all manly sports." In the preface, the editor tells us that this volume and its successors are intended "to point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and have no friend to help or coach them."

The book begins with the history and literature of hunting, "from Zenophon to Major Whyte-Melville." As the author very truly says, "Perhaps the most striking illustration of our ancestors' ideas on the subject of fox-hunting is to be found in Cockayne, who tells us that 'every huntsman is to hew him, or backe him into cover again, when he offereth to breake the same.'" Concerning the later history of the Chase, it may interest many people to learn that the last Lord Berkeley's country extended from Bristol to Wormwood Scrubbs, or some one hundred and twenty miles from end to end, and that Mr. Grantley Berkeley had often heard his father's old huntsman tell a story about a fox that he had killed "where the flowers now blossom in Kensington Gardens." By the way, a former Lord Berkeley kept a pack of hounds at Charing Cross, and his country consisted of Gray's Inn Fields and the neighbourhood of Islington.

In spite of the often-quoted saying, "What fun we might have if it were not for those d—d hounds!" there are still such people as sportsmen—men who go out hunting to hunt as well as to ride—and one of the first things concerning which a sportsman should understand something is the animal that is to be hunted.

\* *The Badminton Library.—Hunting.* By His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G. and Mowbray Morris. With Contributions by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Rev. E. W. Davies, Digby Collins, and Alfred T. Watson. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

Precedence is very properly given to the stag, and the chapter devoted to him is interesting and well written. Comparatively few hunting men know much of wild-stag hunting on Exmoor, and here they may read all about it. The description of the common adventures of a harbourer is quite a little romance in itself; while the account of a day with Lord Ebrington's hounds is so thrilling that it makes us almost determine to put a horse into the train at once and run down to have that day with the Devon and Somerset, which we have so often said we would take, never have taken, and probably never shall take. As to the fox, although we have given much time to the study and pursuit of that animal, we confess that we learned a great deal from the dozen pages here devoted to him. Shooters as well as hunters may find the following hint a valuable one:—"Game preservers would do well" "to give orders to surround" partridges' and pheasants' nests "with paper or tow, steeped in a mixture of tar and assafoetida, a preparation which does to some extent fend off foxes." We are glad to see that one very common malpractice of gamekeepers—"who, whatever may be said to the contrary, all hate foxes"—is held up to odium. We allude to their habit of killing the old foxes a few weeks after the birth of the cubs, and hand-rearing the latter "on rabbits, rooks, offal, or even milk, where it can be charged to the game account." These well-fed cubs rarely trouble themselves to kill game, especially when the keepers take care to throw them some other kind of food, or turn them down in a cover well stocked with rabbits. When the hounds come there is a good show of foxes, but "they hardly seem to know their way from one quarter to another of the wood in which they were littered." Can it be wondered at that such foxes do not show good sport? Men who are thinking of keeping harriers should read the admirable section on "The Hare." The writer of that part of the book says that he once heard Mr. George Lane Fox "asked his opinion of hare-hunting. He replied, with his most courtly sneer, 'I have always understood it to be a most scientific amusement.' There is many a true word *spoke* sarcasm." Even beagles hunted on foot come in for their fair share of notice, and there is much sense in the statement that the "niceties of the chase" "may perhaps be seen to as great advantage with beagles as with any other hounds."

The chapter on Stables is full of useful hints, and the plan and elevations of the Badminton stables are enough to madden the hearts of ordinary men with envy. There are fifty loose-boxes, six stalls, a chemist's shop, and a fire-engine, to say nothing of coach-houses, cleaning-rooms, saddle-rooms, and every other room that can by any chance be wanted in stable buildings. The side of the quadrangle which contains twenty loose boxes in a row, with a wide passage in front of them, looks the most impressive, although opinions differ on the question of keeping so many horses with an open communication between their boxes. The plans of the Badminton kennels in the next chapter will interest and should be useful to masters of hounds. Seventy-five couples of hounds are kept at Badminton, and they eat annually about 40 tons of oatmeal, 3 tons of dog biscuits, and 150 horses. The chapter on Hunt Servants should prove instructive to very young masters of hounds, and amusing to everybody. Then come two capital chapters, which will be the most useful of all to most readers, one being on the Horse, and the other on his Rider. If a man can be made a good judge of a horse or a good rider by "book-reading," here is his opportunity. Another couple of chapters, dealing with the Shires and the Provinces, are equally good in their own way. He who thoroughly crams these chapters will be able to "talk hunting" to his heart's content, as they describe the countries and give little histories of most of the hunts, both in the shires and in the provinces. It is quite provoking to reflect that everybody else will be reading these chapters too; otherwise how entertaining we could now make ourselves on hunting topics! An amusing little chapter on Hunting from London, not only tells one what packs can easily be hunted with from that metropolis, but the stations and trains available for the purpose. This short chapter was a good idea, for it will tell many men just what they wanted to know. The Duke of Beaufort was the very man to edit the chapter on Otter-hunting, as he kept a pack of otter-hounds for many years. It may not be generally known that one famous pack of otter-hounds has a dash of tame wolf in it. For several generations after the cross with the wolf, the puppies persisted in running sheep, but the present pack is steady and tractable. The accounts of the habits of the otter are as good as those of the methods of pursuing him. A list of the English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish hunts—stag-hounds, fox-hounds, and harriers—with their masters, number of couples, hunting days, huntsmen, whips and kennels, as well as the names of towns conveniently situated for hunting with them, is added as an appendix. In the list of the packs of harriers, the particular kind of hound of which the pack consists is carefully stated. Another appendix, giving a list of names for hounds, may be useful to masters, and an appendix of hunting terms may possibly be of service to beginners. The list of books on hunting and hunters is the best of the kind that we have ever seen, and a good index makes the work complete.

*Hunting* is illustrated with one coloured and more than forty uncoloured drawings by Mr. Sturges or Mr. Charlton; but before we notice these, we will say a few words about four illustrations by Miss Agnes M. Biddulph. To place the work of an amateur in the middle of a number of illustrations by two men who are about the best professionals at their special subject is to submit it to a cruelly-trying test. We admit that there is a change when we come to Miss Biddulph's drawings; but their humour and



their quaintness, combined with the temporary variety of style, come in as a pleasant relief. Miss Biddulph's work is far better than that of many professionals, and the only piece of advice that we have to offer her is that she should persevere. But what are we to say of the works of Messrs. Sturges and Charlton? They could hardly be better, and we fear, indeed, that copies of *Hunting* will not last long, for whenever an unoccupied man sits near a table on which one of them lies, he is certain to take it up and look at the pictures, even if he has already looked at them a thousand times. The frontispiece, representing the negotiation of a stone wall in the Badminton country, is a remarkably clever hunting sketch. The foreshortening is admirable, and the whole drawing is full of life, truth, and fun, without the slightest caricature. The seat of the man in the red coat is a study in itself; even the way in which his hat is rammed on shows that he "means going." After long and careful consideration, we have been unable to decide whether the grey horse, that has hit the wall so hard, will or will not give his rider a fall, and we have made up our minds that it is one of those things that we shall never know in this world. The little drawing illustrating the words "Never part company till the last moment" is one of the best examples of "he's on; no, he's off; he hangs by the mane," that we have ever met with. But if we were to describe the illustrations at length we might fill a book. Mr. Sturges's horses and Mr. Charlton's hounds, deer, foxes, and otters are as good as the letter-press, which is saying a great deal. Indeed, the book would be worth buying three times over for the sake of the pictures alone.

We wish we could find some fault with this work, for we may seem to be overpraising it. When we came to the end, we were inclined to find fault with its shortness; but on consideration we were obliged to own that its brevity was one of its merits. In short, we have thoroughly enjoyed the book, and our only wish is that others should enjoy it also.

#### THE CASE OF THE EDUCATED UNEMPLOYED.\*

THE speedy demand for a second edition of Mr. Rawle's Address sufficiently indicates the appreciation which it has obtained and which it so well deserves. It was delivered before a section of the well-known Phi Beta Kappa Society, which has done so much to promote friendly intercourse among scholars in America, and to which no precise parallel can be found in English University life. Mr. Rawle contrasts the present aims and studies of collegiate education with those which prevailed without question in his own youth, when little or no change was taking place in a system which had endured for generations. He admits that such an education has lost some of its ancient use and prestige, and even more so in America than in England; but is of opinion that early and good intellectual culture is still of supreme importance for those who are to be afterwards engaged in the active pursuits of professional and commercial life. Other topics of social interest are also well touched, and especially the altered conditions of the legal profession in America, of which Mr. Rawle himself is so distinguished a member; and he thus illustrates the increasing difficulties of obtaining remunerative employment for those who have to work with their brains rather than with their hands.

#### THE JOURNALS OF MARY FRAMPTON.†

THE contents of the interesting and very readable volume entitled *The Journals of Mary Frampton* scarcely justify that designation, for, in fact, there is exceedingly little of actual journal in it. It mainly consists of letters passing between different members of the Frampton family and their friends and connexions, which were of some importance and lay in different directions, and which appear to have been collected and preserved by the so-called journalist, who seems to have been the stay-at-home member of the family, and who also copied other letters whenever any of interest fell in her way. Many of the letters, taken singly, would hardly have deserved publication; but, collected and arranged as they have been in chronological order, with very careful explanatory notes, they form a good picture of the events and manners of the period to which they relate. This period is a long one, extending from the year 1779 to the year 1846; for Mary Frampton commenced the record of her own recollections and the keeping of letters when she was young, and continued to do so to the end of her life. We begin with the days of powder and hoops, and the more serious matter of the Lord George Gordon riots, and end with the fête at Chatsworth given by the Duke of Devonshire to the Queen. Mary Frampton's father belonged to an old Dorsetshire stock, and was the owner of Moreton in that county, with an estate of 4,000*l.* a year; and it is mentioned as an instance of the frugal manners of the time that the family lived entirely in one of the worst rooms in the house, where they breakfasted, dined, and supped. This, however, can hardly be accepted as a fair specimen of the general habits of the well-to-do country gentleman at the end of the last century, and it sounds

strangely to be told that at the same time silver forks were unknown luxuries; but such seems to have been the case in one house at least in the county of Dorset. Mrs. Mundy, however, adds in a note to the information of her aunt, that twenty years later, when the Royal Family used to go to Weymouth, the King's Lodge was so ill furnished that the floors of the rooms occupied by the Princesses were bare and uncarpeted. Yet in 1781, when a half-sister married, her wedding clothes cost between 300*l.* and 400*l.* It is curious to read that in 1785 housekeepers were complaining that the price of butcher's meat rose from 2½*d.* per pound to 4*d.* From this the transition to Mrs. Fitzherbert and her connexion with George IV., then Prince of Wales, is a sudden one. This lady was well known to the family at Moreton, as she had been married when very young to Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, who was a Dorsetshire neighbour, and she is frequently mentioned. In 1788 Mary Frampton was at the trial of Warren Hastings, and went in quietly through the Duke of Newcastle's house, partaking during the first year or two of the trial of a cold collation which was regularly provided for those admitted by his tickets. From Westminster Hall and Burke's eloquence we are taken to the theatres, and, after renewing acquaintance with some of the familiar anecdotes of Mrs. Siddons, come across the remark that her conception of the part of Rosalind failed from her entire want of playfulness, while, on the other hand, Mrs. Jordan made her too much of a mere vulgar romp, and forgot that she was a lady and, indeed, a princess. Between the playhouses and an account of Ranelagh is interposed a letter describing the public thanksgiving in St. Paul's for the King's recovery in 1789. The royal visits to Weymouth brought about a good deal of friendly intercourse with the family at Moreton. Mary Frampton's brothers went abroad, and their letters from the Continent on this and subsequent occasions are amusing. A carriage had to be taken for the journey, and was pulled to pieces for the voyage from Harwich to Helvoetsluys, which occupied fifty hours—rather a different affair from the passage across the Channel in a well-appointed modern steamer.

There is a little anecdote of how the famous Lady Jersey met with her match in Miss Fauquier, an aunt of Mary Frampton's. She went up to her at an assembly in an insolent manner, and said, "Oh, Miss Fauquier, you are just the person to have a pincushion about you; I want a pin," and got for reply, "Yes, I always have a pincushion and plenty of pins, but I am just the person *not* to give you one of them." It is satisfactory now to know, nearly a hundred years after this little encounter took place, that the great lady only walked away, and did not found a quarrel upon what had occurred.

The narrative of the execution of Louis XVI., as given soon after the event by the Abbé Edgeworth, must have been deeply interesting to those who had the sad privilege of reading it at the time; but it seems hardly desirable to have reprinted what is now so well known a passage of history. The details of the French invasion of Wales in 1797 are recounted with much liveliness and effect in a letter written at the time and from the spot, and there is a good description of the thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the three great naval victories which had distinguished the year.

The marriage and lamentable death of the Princess Charlotte give occasion to many letters. Mrs. Campbell, who was in her household, was a great friend of the Moreton people, through the Ilchester family, into which James Frampton had married, and thus also became connected with the Lansdownes and other persons of note and quality. An amusing anecdote is told of how Queen Charlotte's prudery made her want Mrs. Campbell to travel with Prince Leopold and his newly-married bride to Claremont, as it would be improper for them to go without a chaperon. An account of a splendid fête given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House in 1813 is remarkable for the description it contains of Princess Lieven, then a fresh arrival in London, where she was for so long afterwards a familiar and conspicuous personage, and wearing a dress of black velvet up to her chin, with a huge ruff like Queen Elizabeth, and said to be of extremely polished manners, and much shocked at the abruptness and want of grace of the English ladies. Modern theatrical managers need not be reproached for finding it necessary to resort to spectacular pieces in order to fill their theatres, for in the year last mentioned Kemble brought out what is called the "fine show of *Timour the Tartar*." He was very anxious for its success, as he wanted to bring forward *Julius Cæsar*, but knew his house would be empty unless audiences could be attracted by the hope of seeing that gorgeous melodrama.

A very interesting letter appears from Captain Usher, who was the commander of the vessel which took Buonaparte to Elba; and there is much about the visit of the Allied Sovereigns which made all London go wild in 1814. One of the balls given on this occasion "was to be a waltzing ball," which a gentleman (Mr. Frampton) who was born in 1769 was young enough to say he should like to see. And, with London so full as it must have been, the furnished house taken by him in Clarges Street, in the June of this year, was to cost only ten guineas a week. All the important events in subsequent years are more or less introduced. The Queen's trial, the death of George IV., the riots and Swing fires of 1830 are introduced; but the people who wrote the letters were mostly not in the full swim of either political or social life, and their correspondence gives only a faint reflex of what was going on—no more indeed, as a rule, than could be obtained by consulting the newspapers of the period. There is an instructive anecdote, however, as to how sermons to be preached before royalty should be framed. Sir William Knighton, who thoroughly under-

\* *The Case of the Educated Unemployed.* An Address delivered at Cambridge, U.S., by W. H. Rawle, M.A., LL.D., 25th June, 1885. Second Edition. Boston and London: 1885.

† *The Journals of Mary Frampton.* Edited, with Notes, by Harriot Georgina Mundy. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

stood such matters, advised a nephew of his, who was one of George IV.'s chaplains, never to preach on moral duties and virtues—the safe course was to keep entirely to doctrinal explanations, &c. There are some good details, too, of the sort of state of siege in which Moreton House was kept during a part of this disturbed time. Then succeeded the coronation of William IV. and the Reform riots, of which, again, there are some good local details. The description of the Queen's coronation appears in a letter from Mrs. Mundy, several of whose letters are printed at the latter end of the volume, and are among the best contributed to it. The Queen's wedding, the first Royal christening, and the costume ball in May 1842, all come in for some notice; and, as already has been mentioned, the last event recorded is the Queen's visit to Chatsworth in 1843.

#### A GERMAN SATIRE.\*

THIS pamphlet is not likely to prove very attractive to English readers. It belongs to the period of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and badger-drawing rather than to the age of aestheticism. It is strange that the Germans, who never took any real interest in the prize-ring, should feel such a keen delight in intellectual fisticuffs. The Homeric rocks, to change the simile, are soft and light when compared to the words they hurl at each other's heads; but, as Immermann observed, "Cannot two good German brothers call each other brutal fools without ceasing to be friends?" We do not know.

In the present case Mr. Humbert feels personally aggrieved by the fact that Dr. Paul Lindau has not noticed his works, or at least has not noticed them in a sufficiently flattering way, and so he summons up the ghosts of Schiller, Lessing, Goethe, and Molière—we cite the names in the order in which he gives them—to avenge him of his adversary. He might as well have called the printer's devil, who, in other hands, proved an effective opponent to an overweening critic. Has Mr. Humbert ever read a certain pamphlet about Julian Schmidt, we wonder? Some passages in his puppet tragedy incline us to believe he has; but in that case how has it happened that, while exaggerating all its brutality, he has never succeeded in catching even a single glimpse of its humour?

Molière, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, these are great names to conjure with; and we have no doubt that even Dr. Paul Lindau would veil his face in reverence if one of these ghosts appeared, though it must be confessed that modesty is not the weakness to which he is most addicted. But Mr. Humbert is not much of a conjurer; indeed, he does not even pretend to be one; he is only the manager of a puppet-show; the words may be those of the great dead, the voice is that of the showman. Half his face is always seen through the lion's neck, and if even for a moment we are borne away by the fancy he suggests, he at once names his name, and tells us plainly that he is Snug the joiner. There is a certain confusion in the lines just written, but that is the author's fault, not ours; he is more versatile than Bottom. He is not only ready to undertake the lover's, the lady's, the tyrant's, and the lion's part; he is at once poet, director, manager, puppet, and chorus, and—and—well, Bottom the weaver is considerably less ill-natured and more amusing.

We are sorry to have to write thus of a man like Mr. Humbert, who has done good work with reference to Molière; but how is it possible that a writer who evidently enjoys the great French poet can consider such a pamphlet as this either witty or humorous? One might have thought that a careful study of the greatest master of comic dramatic composition that the Christian world has produced would have prevented the student from launching upon the public a work so clumsy and unmannerly as this. One might have fancied that a familiarity with one of the most courtly humorists and refined critics of human nature that has ever lived would have prevented any one from mistaking coarseness for humour, or mere rudeness for wit. Nature is full of surprises, and Mr. Humbert, the recognized student and admirer of Molière, finds it in his heart to write, print, and publish this childish, pretentious, and empty squib—"a thing full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

#### JOHN DE WITT.†

THE official career of John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, exactly corresponds with a famous epoch in the history of his country. Indeed that epoch was, to no small extent, his own creation, for while he was simply the servant of the State he was in a certain sense the State itself. Entering office almost at the moment of the triumph of the Republican party, he carried on the government for twenty years, constantly labouring to secure the permanent establishment of Republican principles at home and the greatness of the United Provinces abroad, until at last, no longer able to save his country from invasion, he fell with the downfall of the cause to which he had

devoted himself. The record of his work, then, has the special attraction of completeness; it presents us not merely with the part played by a single man, but with the whole of the most interesting episode in the struggle between the rival principles of government in the United Provinces. M. Pontalis has fully grasped the special character of the Grand Pensionary's administration, and in his work published last year, and now presented to us in an English form, has treated it in its true light as a complete portion of the history of the Republic, while at the same time he has not forgotten to give due prominence to the personal character and private circumstances of the man on whose energy and skill the whole fortunes of the State so long depended. He has drawn several pleasant pictures of the great Minister's life. Full of energy in all things, John de Witt as a young man applied himself with equal eagerness to the pursuit of social pleasures and to the graver business of life. His tastes were simple, and a curious account is given of the modest scale on which he began housekeeping after his election as Grand Pensionary; his eldest sister bought him some secondhand furniture, and found him a maid-of-all-work, bidding him get her some help once a week, while he engaged a coachman, who was also to act as gardener and go on errands. Yet in all that concerned his office he was proud and dignified. His official dignity, indeed, seems to have entered into his private life, for his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, always treated him with extraordinary reverence, and after ten years of married life used when writing to him to sign herself "your unworthy spouse." He was a diligent worker; no business was ever put off or negligently done. While he never offended any one by needless contradiction, no amount of opposition could shake his constancy or rob him of his hopefulness. Indeed, his mistakes seem to have arisen from an overestimate both of the strength of his country and of the security of his own position. He raised the United Provinces from an almost abject condition of weakness to rank among the great Powers of Europe, and he presumed too far on their importance. He successfully directed the policy of his country in many difficult and dangerous crises, and he trusted too implicitly to the effects of his own diplomacy. For twenty years he upheld the predominance of the Republican party, and he overrated the attachment of the burgher aristocracy to their own cause. Reckoning his government secure, he never saw the wisdom of concession, and he allowed the natural sternness of his temper to lead him into imprudent and almost vindictive measures.

In a rapid sketch of the history of the United Provinces after the death of Olden Barneveldt, M. Pontalis traces the events that caused the reaction against the Stadtholdership, and explains the character of the political questions that lay at the root of the long feud between the Orange and the Republican parties. The attack of William II. on the States of Holland ended in the exclusion of his house from power. Like his father-in-law, Charles I., he had tried to effect a *coup d'état* and had failed, and his imprisonment of the Deputies in the castle of Löwenstein shut out his son from the succession for twenty-two years, for it showed that the Stadtholdership might be used as a means of attacking public liberty. On the death of William II. the Assembly of the Confederation met to decide whether the government should be vested in the States-General or in each province. The federal principle established by the Union of Utrecht implied the maintenance of the Stadtholdership and the equality of the provinces. Both these were displeasing to Holland, by far the greatest State in the Confederation, and a new constitution was formed in which the powers of the Federal Assembly were limited by the Provincial States, and each province was left with full internal independence. As Grand Pensionary of Holland, John de Witt was the first Minister of the province, and the President of its Assembly, while the supremacy that his State had in the Confederation gave him the virtual headship of the government of the United Provinces. Although the Republican party naturally yielded to the dictation of Cromwell when he demanded that the States of Holland should pass the Act of Exclusion, there is, as M. Pontalis points out, good reason to believe that the demand was made without any previous understanding with De Witt. While the Act was in accordance with his interests, its acceptance was enforced as part of the price of a sorely needed peace; it rendered Holland "dependent on a foreign Government, and struck a blow at the integrity of the diplomatic authority which should have belonged to the States-General" (i. 195). In the course of the next six years Holland under De Witt's ministry amply atoned for thus purchasing peace by the humiliation of the Republic. While defeating every attempt made by the other States in favour of the House of Orange, the Grand Pensionary restored the United Provinces to their old position in the affairs of Europe by a course of policy that attained its full measure of success when Sweden found herself forced to retreat from her attempt to dominate in the Baltic. The full bearing of the Restoration of Charles II. on the affairs of the Republic is illustrated by the revocation of the Act of Exclusion and the unworthy attempt made by De Witt to conciliate the King by delivering up three of the regicides. Charles was anxious to vindicate the claims of his nephew, the Prince of Orange, and the treaty of 1662 was really due, not as M. Pontalis implies to the skill of De Witt, but to the necessity of doing something to satisfy the malcontent party in England. In one or two other instances English affairs are scarcely so satisfactorily dealt with as other parts of the history. A spirited account is given of the sea-fights between the two great naval Powers. After the crushing defeat of the Dutch off Harwich the fortune of the war was

\* *Lustige Puppen*—Tragödie vom sich selbst entleibenden Lindau; oder Schiller, Lessing, Goethe, Molière und Herrn Dr. Paul Lindau's "Frische Wissenschaftlichkeit auf dem Markte des Lebens." Von C. Humbert, Prof. am Gymnasium in Bielefeld. A. Helmich, Bielefeld.

† *John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland*. By M. Antonin Lafèvre Pontalis. Translated by S. E. and A. Stephenson. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1885.



changed by the return of Ruyter from the West Indies. In the terrible four-days' battle of June 1666 the English fleet had, on the whole, not the better of it, and the next year Cornelius de Witt, the brother of the Grand Pensionary, and Ruyter burnt our ships under the very guns of Upnor Castle. The peace that followed was full of glory for Holland; it was hastened by the invasion of the Spanish Netherlands by Louis XIV. Good use is made of M. Mignet's *Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne* and various documentary authorities in a chapter on the Triple Alliance, and the chief credit of that remarkably successful combination is justly ascribed to John de Witt. The Dutch now boasted, not without reason, that they were the arbiters of Europe. They had imposed terms on England by the Peace of Breda. By the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle France found herself checked in her career of conquest, and Spain was forced to submit to the losses of territory insisted on by the allies. Yet the very greatness to which the United Provinces had advanced was full of peril. In attaining it they had incurred the enmity of both England and France, and the union of the two offended Powers endangered the very existence of the Republic, and indirectly caused the ruin of De Witt's work.

M. Pontalis traces with great care the successive steps by which the Prince of Orange regained the offices that had been lost by the ambition of his father, and marks the mistake De Witt committed in allowing himself to be led by the more violent of his party to provoke a reaction by passing a measure to suppress the stadtholdership in Holland. This mistake was followed by others of a like kind. Although, in order to obtain the consent of the provinces to an Act declaring the offices of stadtholder and captain-general incompatible, De Witt agreed that the Prince should have a seat in the Council of State, he nevertheless raised discord in the States of Holland by trying to deprive him of the right to vote. The whole strength of the Republican party depended on the united action of the States of Holland, and De Witt's resistance to the reasonable concession demanded of him sapped the foundation of his power and exasperated the Orange party. The overthrow of his administration was at last caused by its failure in the face of pressing danger. Louis XIV. was determined to take vengeance for the check he had received by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and found Charles ready to act with him. The Republic had "to pay dearly for the too great part she had played." It was long before De Witt could believe that his great stroke of diplomacy was already out of date and that England was about to desert the policy of the Triple Alliance. Some interesting notices are given of the illusions under which he remained until he suddenly found that Charles was fully bent on war, that a French invasion was imminent, and that the United Provinces were almost without allies. How utterly unfit the Republican Government was to meet the crisis is shown by the disorganization of the army and by the disputes that followed the tardy attempts of De Witt to provide for the defence of the country. In the midst of these disputes a demand was made that the Prince should at once be appointed captain-general. De Witt, unable to prevent the appointment, caused the command to be limited to one campaign. By this grudging and impolitic measure he irritated the Orange party; the disasters of the war were attributed to his mal-administration, and the remedy was sought in the restoration of the Stadtholdership. The memory of De Witt is successfully vindicated from the charge of treacherous correspondence brought against him by his enemies. Nevertheless, the reaction in favour of the Prince of Orange decided his fate. From that fate the Prince might have saved both him and his brother; he made no effort to do so, and he rewarded their murderers. The events of De Witt's last days and the terrible scene of his murder are described with considerable power. M. Pontalis adds some just remarks on the effect that his long ministry has had on the history of Holland in preserving the tradition of Dutch freedom, and preparing the way for a constitutional monarchy. Of the excellence of the author's work there can be no question. Unfortunately it has lost some part of its value in this translation. In the first place these volumes are actually printed without the foot-notes of the French edition, so that the reader is left without any information as to the authorities from which the history is drawn. The translators take the burden of this omission on themselves and attempt to excuse it. Their excuse, however, cannot be held good, especially as the references M. Pontalis gives do not on an average run to more than about four lines of small print on each page of the French edition. For some inscrutable reason the few lines in which M. Pontalis dedicates his work to M. Mignet are also left out. Moreover, the translators inform us that they have been guilty of the impertinence of "correcting misapprehensions which occur in the original work with reference to English affairs." They have not placed what they are pleased to consider their corrections in foot-notes, but have presumed to tamper with the text they were set to translate. The English reader, therefore, is left with the uncomfortable feeling that, in studying what purports to be the work of a scholar, he now and again has before him simply the views of a couple of translators. And, lastly, these translators would have spent their time better if, instead of "correcting" the text of M. Pontalis, they had corrected—

Her captain fired from a distance several shots at their flagship, which, not being able to reply at once on account of the storm having laid her on her beam-ends, Lieutenant-Admiral van Ghent, believing that it was merely a question of salute, took the place of Ruyter, and returned it in the customary manner (ii. 127).

#### ANECDOTA OXONIENSIS.\*

PART IV. of the first volume of the mediæval and modern series of the *Anecdota Oxoniensia* consists of an Irish tale called "Cath Fintrága; or, the Battle of Ventry," edited by Kuno Meyer, a young German who is a diligent student and does what he undertakes with great thoroughness. The manuscript here printed for the first time is a portion of the Bodleian one, Rawlinson, B487, a vellum quarto dating from the fifteenth century. The present issue consists of nearly 140 pages, of which only 57 are taken up by the text and translation. These are preceded by an introduction of considerable length, which is generally interesting and sometimes suggestive. The rest of the book is devoted to variant readings, to notes, some of which are exceedingly instructive and valuable on account of the unpublished extracts they contain from Irish tales, and to an excursus on Old Irish Metre, in which Mr. Meyer enters into all the difficult questions of Irish metre and accentuation raised by the recent discoveries made by Zimmer and Thurneysen. The whole makes a very welcome volume to the student of late mediæval Irish, and the Clarendon Press has once more earned the gratitude of all Celtic scholars.

#### BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

IT seems an unwritten educational law that girls are to be taught manners, morals, science, and history by means of novelettes. We may be permitted to doubt the soundness of this doctrine without arguing out the question it suggests; for our present purpose we must assume its prevalence, if not its beneficial influence, and we must assume, further, that modern girls prefer not to be brought face to face with facts, and like better, to take one example from the books before us, to read about English slavery, the mitigating influence of the monastic system, the troubles of the conquered after the Norman invasion, and other similar topics in Miss Emma Leslie's *Gytha's Message* (Blackie), than in Mr. Freeman's *Old English History for Children*, from which, and the learned Professor's other works, all that is of any value in the book has been derived. Admitting the necessity for such books and such ways of teaching, we may commend Miss Leslie's historical novelette, which is prettily written and well illustrated.

But historical books are the exception, and we have many more of a less instructive character, of which the most prominent example is *A Generous Friendship* (Griffith & Farran). It is for girls out of the schoolroom; at least, it is a mild novel about young ladies who are out of the schoolroom, though they would be much the better for a longer probation if thereby they could learn more sense. The scene is principally laid in New England, and the author seems to be an American. Celeste Anton, the heroine, is a professional pianiste, who travels about with her father giving concerts. Being motherless, she is not well looked after, and forms an undesirable acquaintance with a young Englishman, to whom she becomes engaged without her father's knowledge. Philip, the lover, is an uninteresting person, and behaves badly throughout. He jilts Celeste upon hearing that he has been left an estate, and marries an heiress. The inheritance of a fortune turns out to be a mistake, a later will being found, and the bad young man, whose heartless behaviour debars him from sympathy, is punished by becoming "one of the most hepecked husbands in London." It is difficult to understand the use of a book of this sort. Viewed as a novel, it is without force or incident enough to be read for the plot. Viewed as a girls' book, it has still less merit; for what is the use of their reading about clandestine engagements or good-for-nothing young men? As an American book, if it is one, it is without the usual humour or character-painting generally to be found to atone for a certain vulgarity noticeable amongst American books not of the first class.

The *Mistress of Lydgate Priory*, by Evelyn Everett Green (Religious Tract Society), is also a novel, but of a very different type. It is the story of an old lady told to her grandchild, who is paying her a visit. It is both well written and interesting, and with a certain air of reality which always gives great charm to any story, but is particularly indispensable in an autobiography. The old lady tells of her lover who was not worthy of her love, of her husband, whom she did not at first care for, but whose worthiness won her heart; then of her children, and the difficulties she met with from the bad influence a cousin obtained over her boys. Then come her children's love affairs, disappointments, and happiness; and, finally, her own peaceful, well-ordered old age. This is the most wholesome girls' book that has yet come under our notice. The type is large and good, and, for a wonder this year, the pictures are real woodcuts, and very fair in quality, if few in quantity.

*Bound by a Spell*, by the Hon. Mrs. Greene (Cassell & Co.), is a story of the Canton Grisons at the time when persecution for supposed witchcraft was still cruel and bitter. A poor woman called Christine is accused of dealing with the Satanic powers because she was so unfortunate as to lose her husband, son, and daughter-in-law under curious circumstances, and, besides, seemed to bring misfortune to every one with whom she had anything to do. It is a well-written, interesting story, which can be thoroughly recommended, with the reservation as to historical tales made already.

\* *Anecdota Oxoniensia*. Clarendon Press. 1885.

Another good girls' story-book is *Silver Mill*, by Mrs. R. H. Read (Blackie), which would be suitable for a prize in a boarding school. The plot is interesting, if not very mysterious; and the heroine, Ruth, a lady by birth, though brought up in a humble station, well deserves the more elevated position in which the end of the book leaves her. The pictures, engraved by one of the new processes, are very spirited.

*Yoked Together: a Tale of Three Sisters* (Nisbet & Co.) belongs to the Revival type of literature with which it is very difficult to sympathize sufficiently to review dispassionately. For instance, Mr. Saddlethwaite seems to us the most estimable character; in the largest sense of the word, a gentleman and a Christian; but his wife is not content with this, but must "convert" him, as she calls it. This she indiscreetly makes a last and energetic attempt to do one morning when breakfast is ready and he is ready for breakfast. With politeness and good humour he asked to be excused until after dinner; but the storyteller, exasperated by this needless delay, brings home his murdered corpse before dinner-time, and leaves us to infer that what has become of his soul is too painful a subject to inquire into. The pictures might take a donkey-race prize, even amongst the religious books of the year. The woodcut facing p. 154 is repeated in miniature on the cover; though we may acquit author or publisher of intending to bring prayer into ridicule. The frontispiece is equally absurd, but not so profane.

Of the same class, but better illustrated, is *One Day at a Time*, by Blanch E. M. Grene (Religious Tract Society), a novelette of love and waiting. A mistake occurs which could have been put right at the cost of a sheet of paper and a penny stamp, but for the purpose of fiction it takes nine years before matters are rectified, though of course the suffering of nine years is only "one day at a time." The heroine, Gladys Evelyn, refuses a man she loves because she does not consider him to have been "converted," but promises, should he ever become "a Christian," she will marry him, after no matter what lapse of time. Captain Dacre sees the marriage announced of a Gladys Evelyn, comes to the conclusion it is the girl he loves, does not take the trouble of finding out, and goes off to India in a pet.

*Through a Refiner's Fire*, by Eleanor Holmes (Griffith & Farran), is a harmless novelette, dull and difficult to read, notwithstanding the large print. There is a duel, and an important but forgotten letter, separation of lovers, and the usual well-worn machinery, with the accepted finale—that the lovers, "retired by fire," settle down in comfort at a very prosaic domestic hearth.

Of the ordinary type of girls' story-books is *Cassandra's Casket*, by Emma Marshall (Nisbet). It will be liked in the schoolroom. Cassandra is an impulsive, careless, warm-hearted little girl, who, because her father is in India, is obliged to live with a step-sister, who is calm, careful, and cold. The poor child is no sooner out of one scrape than she is into another, either at home or at school. However, the wise advice and kind friendship of one of Cassandra's companions does much to improve her character, and we leave her in a state of desire to reform and intense happiness at the arrival of her adored father, who returns from India to claim his tiresome but well-beloved daughter.

*That Aggravating Schoolgirl*, by Grace Stebbing (Nisbet & Co.), is the history of an impossible pupil and an improbable governess who manage to draw out the worst side of each other's characters. There is a dull, well-meaning girl, called Josephine, who tries to be the good genius of both. The book is brightly written, but has one serious fault. It enlists the sympathy of the reader for the "aggravating schoolgirl," who is not only naughty, but extremely rude and ill-mannered to her superiors. In these days, when respect and courtesy seem rare enough among young people, it is a pity ever to make a joke of insubordination and pert speeches.

*Marie's Home; or, a Glimpse of the Past*, by Caroline Austin (Blackie), is in strong contrast. It is the diary of a girl, supposed to be written a hundred years ago. The diarist is the daughter of a French refugee nobleman living in England, who considers it his duty when troubles arise in the Court of Louis XVI. to return to his native country. After the tragic fate of his master, M. de Grandville is very glad to get back to a quiet Scotch home. The book has no special merit except its refined tone.

*Every Cloud has its Silver Lining and One Thing at a Time* (Hogg) are two volumes of stories of very unequal merit by "Popular Authors," "The Little Model" from the French being amongst the best. Many of the tales suffer from the needless length of the words used to express the simplest commonplaces, and also from the stilted form common to inexperienced writers. Take as an example this extract from "The Best Suit":—"A week passed away. Every morning I expected to be conducted to Mr. Smith's to begin my apprenticeship as a butcher; but no. My father went out alone in his work-day suit, and my fate remained undecided." It is difficult to tell how this paragraph gets its unintentionally serio-comic ring. Why should the boy in another passage wish to elicit his "master's encomium," and why did Mr. Thornton enter upon an arrangement to pay him a weekly wage? Some old woodcuts inserted as tailpieces give sad evidence of the decay of modern engraving.

#### THE NATURE OF THE FINE ARTS.\*

MR. PARKER'S elaborate discussion of the nature of the fine arts is certainly learned, not a little ingenious, and, as it is not a work of "fine art," he will not object to our adding,

\* *The Nature of the Fine Arts*. By H. Parker, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

evidently conscientious and careful. He has examined the various theories of the fine arts from Aristotle to Ruskin, and has found them wanting. His view is that arts which cannot be reduced to science cannot be taught theoretically, and that laws of taste and canons of criticisms are absurdities. Though he seems to us, especially perhaps with regard to colour, to have scarcely the requisite knowledge or natural faculty to be accepted as a competent judge of the evidence from which he draws his conclusions, it is not to these which we object so frequently as to the arguments from which he draws them. No one, we think, will be at much pains to defend the learned Abbé Dubos and Winckelmann, or even Alison or Macaulay, from such attacks as are made by Mr. Parker, and few will dissent from his view that artists should be so thoroughly trained in technical matters that their hands become almost automatic servants of their artistic will; it is plain to most that imaginative art begins where science ends, and that fine art is something more than the art of imitation. But to demolish such obsolete theories and demonstrate such facts are ends to which it was scarcely worth while to devote so much space, and the reader, from whom strict intellectual attention is demanded, may well ask that this space should be filled with close and accurate reasoning.

As is becoming the author of so logical a treatise, Mr. Parker is hard upon those who use words loosely when writing of the fine arts. "Words," he very properly insists in his introduction, "should not be employed in different senses in different places, and propositions ought not to be laid down as certain which many reasonable persons would deny to be true." It is to "logic and common sense" that Mr. Parker appeals, and it is logic and common sense by which he no doubt desires, as he deserves, to be judged. There would seem, therefore, to be no reason for an apology for subjecting a few passages in his book to such tests.

In his introduction, which gives a careful and interesting history of the term "fine arts," Mr. Parker states that "The non-representant arts are music and architecture. All authority is in favour of the admission of these to the list of Fine Arts. But if they are admitted, the presumption is that the perfection of representation cannot be the test of excellence in any of the Fine Arts." Why? Is the distinguishing characteristic of a class generally the test of excellence of every member belonging to it? A dog is not a dog because it has keen sight or keen scent, but there are tests of excellence in the greyhound and the foxhound respectively. To take a closer illustration, there are a series of arts which may be called the useful arts. Some of these are productive arts, like agriculture; some non-productive, like cooking. Is there, therefore, any presumption that productiveness cannot be the test of excellence in husbandry? We agree with Mr. Parker in thinking that the perfection of representation is not the test of excellence in any of the fine arts; but not because some arts are representant and some non-representant, but because the representant arts are capable of giving a pleasure beyond that of the most perfect representation at their command.

We do not believe in Alison's theories much more than Mr. Parker does, but in a serious treatise we have a right to expect them to be fairly stated. Alison, in a passage quoted by Mr. Parker, contends that the decay of the fine arts follows on their reaching their highest point, because "when his (the artist's) excellence can no longer be distinguished by the production of merely beautiful or expressive form, he is naturally led to distinguish it by the production of what is uncommon or difficult." Whether Alison be right or wrong, he did not say, and assuredly did not mean, that the cause of the decay of art in Greece was because "all sculptors were the equals of Phidias," and in Italy because all painters were "the equals of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian."

Macaulay is treated still less handsomely. Mr. Parker's gloss on Alison would perhaps be fair in a polemical controversy; but his gloss on a passage of Macaulay would scarcely be permitted to pass unchallenged in the hottest warfare of party. Macaulay is contending that neither the multitude nor artists of real creative genius are likely to be the soundest critics of works of art. The multitude are ignorant, the "geniuses" biased; and he concludes the passage quoted by Mr. Parker with the following words:—"Out of his own department, he (the genius) praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing and whose business is only to judge and to enjoy. The more fervent the passion of each artist for his art, the higher the merit of each in his own line, the more unlikely it is that they will justly appreciate each other. Many persons who never handled a pencil probably do far more justice to Michael Angelo than would have been done by Gerard Dow, and far more justice to Gerard Dow than would have been done by Michael Angelo."

Mr. Parker pretends not to be able to understand whose opinion Macaulay would seem to prefer to that of the multitude, but comments thus upon the phrase "many who have never handled a pencil":—

This is mysterious. It would seem that, after all, the multitude are the trustworthy judges. It is, however, clear that Macaulay's modesty deterred him from saying exactly what he meant. We must put a gloss on these words and read "Some who have never handled a pen," instead of "many who have never handled a pencil." Then there is no difficulty. The purport of the passage is that, if Michael Angelo were still alive, it would be foolish to take his opinion about the merit of a picture when a sounder opinion could be obtained from an eminent handler of the pen. It is implied in his argument that artists who do not paint in the style of Michael Angelo are in the habit of denying the beauty and excellence of his works.



It is needless to point out that Macaulay never meant to imply that the practice of writing was an aid to the formation of sound critical opinion on art, or that Michael Angelo was a bad judge of all kinds of pictures, and the gloss we have underlined is still more outrageous. But the whole passage is disingenuous, because Macaulay does indicate the class of persons whose opinion he thinks likely to be most trustworthy—namely, that of “the mere connoisseur, who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and to enjoy.”

Whether this opinion be sound or not, it would take us too long to discuss here; but Mr. Parker himself seems to adopt it (though unintentionally perhaps) in another part of his book, when he states as a general proposition that perceptions are cultivated by exercise, and instances the professional taster of wine as a person whose opinion may be trusted on claret. It is evident that Macaulay meant by his connoisseur a professional taster of pictures, and that the artist stands in the relation of the “wine-grower” and not that of the “taster.” But Mr. Parker throughout his book shows a tendency to confuse the “multitude” with the “critic,” and to exempt the latter from the general proposition that “perceptions are cultivated by exercise.”

Of the logical vice of using words “in different senses in different places” we wish we could acquit Mr. Parker; but in this respect his practice scarcely fits with his precept. In support of the argument that the word “reality” has only a relative meaning, he writes:—

Land is real property in relation to gold, but gold is real property in relation to imaginary property. The epithet “real” is usually connected in the explanations which are given to it, with the idea of permanence, and it is clear that there is a connexion. Land is more permanent than coin, and is therefore more real than coin.

If this means anything, it means that land is more real in relation to imaginary property than gold is, but it is quite clear that land and gold are equally real in this relation, if any relation can be said to exist between things which are and things which are not. He here uses “real”—the opposite of “personal,” and real—the opposite of “imaginary,” as though the sense of it was in each case exactly the same; and in this and the following sentences he uses the word “permanent” with equal looseness. It means in one place “not moveable,” in another “capable of long existence,” and in a third “not liable to be altered by time,” while it is clear that the “permanence” connected with “realities” as subjects of art is of a different kind.

In another place, objecting to the employment of such epithets as “conscientious” in criticizing works of fine art, Mr. Parker complains that

Works are often condemned as slight, as others are praised on the score that there is in them evidence of care and labour. Such criticism is not applied to poetry. The presumption is rather against the poem that is manifestly laboured.

Here he uses the words “manifestly laboured” as a synonym for “evidently executed with care and labour”; but this is unfair. To say that a work of art, whether prose or poetry, is “manifestly laboured” is a term of reproach, but “evidence of care and labour” may be cited in praise of either. It is quite as usual to condemn poems as it is to condemn pictures for being slight and careless, and Mr. Parker himself in another passage says that Horace “owed everything to the literary file and the midnight lamp.” Mr. Parker is very fond of this kind of argument, and in his introduction says that “a poet would think a poor compliment had been paid him if his critic, by way of exalting him, were to point out that he had evidently taken great pains and was very honest.” But we never yet knew a painter who would be satisfied with such praise, nor even a critic who would think it the highest compliment. But in all arts, however fine, technical skill and sincerity of purpose are important and worthy of praise; and both poets and artists, however gifted with imagination, are, or should be, masters of their craft, and use their powers to the best advantage.

If we have been led away from the proposed object of this book, it is the author's fault. In his preface he states that it is an attempt to examine the view that, if all academic authority could be swept away, some very perfect kind of painting might appear which the world has not yet seen. But he does not examine this view. He defends drawing from casts and the human figure, he supports the claim of artists to be the best judges of pictures, he gives an admirable history of the term “Fine Arts,” he discusses learnedly the meaning of the word ἀνδρεία, and we think proves conclusively that the Greek statues of the best period were seldom coloured; but the question whether Academies assist or restrict the development of original genius he leaves alone.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

A FREQUENTLY quoted sentence (the author of which we do not pretend to know) on the cover of some of the almanachs which are published at this season so plentifully in France informs us that “15 millions de Français n'apprennent que par les almanachs les destins de l'Europe, les lois de leur pays, les progrès des sciences, des arts, de l'industrie, leurs devoirs et leurs droits.” This is, no doubt, something of a joke, and perhaps something of a puff; but it is also something of a truth. The yearly almanack is certainly very much more of a power in France than it is in England. It is also very much more regularly

organized. The publishing house of Messrs. Plon & Co. yearly acts as a “Dépôt central des Almanachs,” and almost all, even some of those which are issued by newspapers and periodicals, bear the imprint of this dépôt either alone or jointly on their covers. Of a score or more before us, only one, the *Almanach du Voleur illustré*, is without it. This is chiefly occupied with a series of large and by no means ill-executed woodcuts of celebrated or notorious persons, statesmen, criminals, “authors, artists, atheists, and clergymen,” as Thackeray has it, accompanied by letterpress descriptions. The *Almanach lunaire* answers, as usual, but little to its title, having, after an extravagant cover and title-page, chiefly comic prints and matter of a very ordinary kind. The well-known and really valuable Mathieu de la Drôme almanachs (“double,” “triple,” and *annuaire*) busy themselves with rather elaborate weather predictions, with agricultural statistics for the past year, and with other such sober stuff, relieved by a few “variétés.” In the equally famous, but vilely printed, *Triple Litgeois*, the venerable M. Mathieu Lansberg mixes up astrology, statistics, list of fairs and markets, and *faits divers*, with a good many advertisements. The *Bon catholique* and the *Almanach des saints cours* explain themselves and their intention. We are afraid we must say that an article in the former headed “La croix et la girouette,” on the subject of Victor Hugo, shows that there is but little to choose between “clericals” and anti-clericals in France on the score of good taste. The *Almanach de France et du musée des familles* suffers, like some other of these compilations, from the absence of any definite purpose or bond of union between its contents; but the said contents are harmless, and even edifying. These epithets may be applied still more unreservedly to the *Almanach des jeunes mères*, which contains some useful medical hints. But we doubt very much whether the advice not to rub the skin, but only to dry it, after a sea bath, for fear “d'enlever les principes excitants de l'eau de la mer,” is not a fond thing vainly invented. To the *Almanach du Charivari* no one will go for edification, but some may for amusement, which, with due skipping, they will haply find. The *Almanach des dames et des demoiselles* has a certain number of fashion-plates and fills up with “variétés.” The *Almanach prophétique*, like most of the French correlatives of our revered Zadkiels and Moores, does not take its duty by any means so seriously as it might. It is at least as comic, though not so much illustrated, as the *Almanach comique* so called. The *Almanach parisien* is by no means unlike either of the two last-named, though it is rather more serious. The part of the almanack proper is here cut down nearly to its lowest terms. The *Almanach scientifique* acts up to its name, and gives as much science as any one can expect for fifty centimes. In the *Almanach pour rire* we naturally fall back into the purely frivolous, and into a cento of cuts from the Parisian illustrated papers of the last year—or two—with seaside pieces, sport, and, for a speciality, *ballons dirigeables* especially prominent. *La Mère Cigogne*, *almanach de la poupée modèle*, ought from its title to be specially interesting to Miss Jenny Wren and her fellow-professionals. As a matter of fact, it is only a children's almanack of fair merit. The *Almanach astrologique* has as little, if not less, of its title about it than its brethren the *Lunaire* and the *Prophétique* above noticed. Without an elaborate comparison, we could hardly say whether the *Almanach du savoir-vivre* reprints its contents *verbatim* every year or not. It must be difficult otherwise to provide two hundred pages of etiquette annually. Some of the precepts strike us as arbitrary; for instance, it seems that you fold a letter in two if you write to persons to whom you owe respect, otherwise in four. *Le Parfait Vigneron* requires no explanation. We must quote one beautiful example of the richness of wine-criticism in France. “Le velouté de leur enveloppe,” says the Perfect Wine-grower, speaking of certain St. Emilion wines, “le dispute à la plénitude arrondie de leur chair.” There is a magnificent dialect! There are passages in the *Parfait Vigneron*, such as those dealing with “sucrage” and “tannage,” and other methods of assisting nature, which we have read with less pleasure. But it is fair to say that the almanack recommends none of the more objectionable practices of Château Fuchaine. The *Petit Almanach national de la France*, with a Turco on the cover, is very, very military; but it also admits “variétés.” Lastly, the *Almanach de la bonne cuisine* puts us in the same difficulty as the *Almanach du savoir-vivre*, for without looking up the old almanacks, which are in the same condition as the old moons, we can hardly say how much is new. But we give a parallel to the above wine phrase. The distinguished almanack-maker wishes to say that veal is in season in July. “La finisse excellente du veau de Pontoise,” says he, “anime ce mois.” Ah! what a language!

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE three volumes of *Representative British Orations*, edited by Mr. Charles Kendall Adams (Fisher Unwin), is an exception to the unprofitable nature of most books of specimens or selections. It is somewhat singular that we owe these volumes of Parliamentary and forensic eloquence to an American, and that their appearance coincides with that of a similar compilation of American oratory. For purposes of selection no form of literature demands more judicious sifting than oratory, and on the whole the editor has brought together an excellent show. His chief aim has been to give the great crucial speeches that mark epochs of constitutional changes, and though this aim naturally excludes many famous and historical utterances, the result is a truly representative work. Its

quality of continuity is especially well preserved, and will commend it to the general reader. The series includes Pym's speech on ship-money and other grievances, printed from the British Museum copy annotated by the speaker, and finishes with Mr. Gladstone's third harangue in Mid-Lothian.

In the second edition of his *Characteristics of English Poets* (Blackwood & Sons) Mr. Minto points in his preface to certain emendations of his former text, which are certainly not unacceptable; at the same time we regret he has not in any way veiled his contemptuous references to critics, such as Coleridge, or become less exuberantly respectful towards mere pedants and pseudo-commentators. So also are certain violent terms applied to Gifford and his edition of Ben Jonson, which may pass. Gifford's work remains, and is likely long to remain, unsupplanted. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Minto has not thought it necessary to reconsider the extraordinary medley of misconception and inconsistency of his "characteristics" of Jonson. He still has nothing better to say of the comedies than that they "were not as a rule popular"; that the opening scene of the incomparable *Alchemist* suggests a modern sensational drama from the Surrey side; that it is ridiculous to suppose the characters were taken from life; and so forth. The first of these *aperçus* is based on a passage in Drummond's *Notes*, an authority Mr. Minto values highly, probably because Gifford's estimate is more critical. The second remark calls for no comment; for what can be expected of a critic who is blind to the astonishing ingenuity, the masterly construction, the brilliant characterization of the *Alchemist*? The third observation is refuted by a passage in Drummond himself—not to mention the evidence of the epigrams.

Mr. Robert Barclay's *The Silver Question and the Gold Question* (Effingham Wilson) is a valuable contribution to a controversy that seems never wholly to die out, and at present is raging very furiously. The author is a thoroughgoing bi-metallist, and he has incorporated his well-known essay on the subject published some five years since in the present volume. His book will be read with interest by more people than unfortunate Anglo-Indians whose lamentations for the fickle rupee fill the columns of the *Times*.

Owners of house property who have wrestled with Assessment Commissioners and whose experience of the inhabited house duty is sad, whether brief or not, may derive much assistance from Mr. A. M. Ellis's *Guide to the House Tax Acts* (Stevens & Sons). The book is fully illustrated by law cases and is lucidly compiled.

Lieutenant Eugene Griffin, of the corps of Engineers, U.S.A., is the author of the first of a series of "Military Monographs," entitled *Our Sea-coast Defences* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). From this very interesting essay it appears that Boston and New York are no better prepared to repel a hostile fleet than the majority of our own coaling stations and colonial ports. It is curious to mark how the same arguments advanced in the House of Commons against fresh defences in time of peace are loudly urged in America, one Congressman being reported to have said he saw "no indication that the food should be taken from the mouth of labor to gratify the insatiable ambition of any man or body of men." This is quite the Radical patriot in his most exalted moments.

The re-issue of "Moxon's *Miniature Poets*," in neat form and clear type, is most welcome, and is appropriately headed with *A Selection from the Works of William Wordsworth* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with Mr. Palgrave's sympathetic introduction.

A second edition of Alfred Day's *Treatise on Harmony* (Harrison & Sons), which was first published in 1845, four years previous to the author's premature death, is accompanied by a most interesting expository preface from the pen of Sir G. A. Macfarren.

The new annual volume of that excellent magazine *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.) in literary matter and in illustrations is equal to any of its predecessors.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. are the publishers of a new *Diocesan Map of India and Ceylon*, drawn and compiled by the Rev. Donald Mackey, which is equally praiseworthy in execution, definition, and accuracy.

We have received Mr. Vincent Caillard's translation of the *Annual Report of the Council of Administration of the Ottoman Public Debt*.

A fair notion of the growth of public libraries is supplied by an examination of the Catalogue of the Wandsworth Public Library, compiled by Mr. Ootgreave, the librarian. This thriving library numbers close on seven thousand volumes, of which five thousand are in circulation.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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BY ORDER.

### BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

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BOARDERS are received by the Principal, C. G. Allum, Esq., M.A., and the Rev. C. H. Griffin, M.A.  
The College has a Junior Department and a House for Boys under Thirteen, in charge of D. C. Wickham, Esq., M.A.  
New Buildings, including Boarding-houses, upon the most improved principle, are being added.

THE NEXT TERM will COMMENCE on Thursday, January 23.

F. W. MADDEN, M.R.A.S., Secretary.

### ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPERS HILL, STAINES.

The course of study is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. FIFTY-FIVE STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1886. For Competition the Secretary of State will offer Fifteen Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department, and Two in the Indian Telegraph Department. For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

### KING EDWARD THE SIXTH'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

WANTED, after Christmas, in the Boys' Grammar School, Aston, Birmingham, an ASSISTANT-MASTER. The possession of a Government and Drawing Certificate, and ability to teach Elementary Latin and French, will be strong recommendations.  
Salary, £100 per annum. No residence is provided.  
Candidates are requested to forward their applications, with copy testimonials, on or before November 25, to the SECRETARY, King Edward's School, New Street, Birmingham, from whom forms of application may be obtained.  
Birmingham: November 3, 1885.

EDUCATION.—DARMSTADT, GERMANY.—Thorough instruction in GERMAN, FRENCH, CLASSICS, and MATHEMATICS, for Competitive Examinations. Preparation for a Commercial Career.—Apply for prospectus, &c., to Dr. HANSEN, Darmstadt.

BERLIN.—EDUCATIONAL HOME. West-End suburb; healthy climate; large, airy house; religious training.—Miss W. ST. AUBYN, ten years governess in the family of J. Walter, Esq., M.P., receives TEN YOUNG LADIES. French resident governess. English not spoken. Berlin has now first advantages for study of Music, Painting, Languages. Inclusive terms, £8 to 100 Guineas.—Testimonials, Prospectus, &c., from Miss F. ST. AUBYN, St. John's School, Leatherhead.



**"EASTMAN'S" ROYAL NAVAL ACADEMY,**  
Burgoyne House, SOUTHEA.  
This School was established by the late Mr. Eastman, R.N., in 1851, and carried on by him until his death in 1862. Since 1869 no one of that name has been in any way connected with the School, except as an Assistant-Master for six months in 1874.  
Some 1,300 pupils have entered H.M. service.

**"EASTMAN'S" ROYAL NAVAL ACADEMY,**  
SOUTHEA. Established 1851.  
Thorough preparation for the NAVY, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, and preliminary ARMY EXAMINATIONS. Of six Candidates sent up in June 1880, five obtained Cadetships. Pupils enjoy good boating and bathing, and all are taught to swim.  
For terms and particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—1 Trebovir Road, S.W. (close to Earl's Court Station). ADVANCED CLASSES for GIRLS and ELEMENTARY CLASSES for YOUNG CHILDREN, under the direction of Mrs. W. R. COLE. A separate house adjoining for Resident Pupils.

**HARVEST THANKSGIVING COLLECTIONS.**  
The Clergy are earnestly solicited to forward COLLECTIONS at HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES to the SECRETARY, Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, 25 Charles Street, St. James's, London.  
The object of this Institution is to provide Pensions to bona fide Farmers, their Wives, Widows, and unmarried Orphan Daughters. Six hundred and sixty-five Pensioners, many of whom are over eighty years of age, are now being maintained at an annual cost of £14,500. Four hundred persons who have cultivated holdings, varying from 2,000 to 100 acres, and have been ruined through the various causes of agricultural failure, are seeking election. To provide for these, an additional £10,000 a year is required.  
Information for the Clergy and Leaders for distribution may be obtained of the SECRETARY as above.

**CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.**  
Annual Income, including Annual Subscriptions ..... £4,000  
Annual Expenditure ..... £13,000  
THE COUNCIL appeal for HELP to meet this deficit, and permanently reduce it, either by Donations and Annual Subscriptions, or Legacies for Investment.

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SALE OF FINE 1875 CLARETS, NOVEMBER 26, 1885.

**MESSRS. SOUTHWARD & CO.,** Sworn Brokers, of 2 St. Dunstons Hill, E.C., have received instructions from the owner of the Chateau, Mr. Chais d'Est Ange, to SELL, by Public Sale, without reserve, at the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, London, E.C., on Thursday, November 26—1,300 dozens of 1875 CLARETS, the produce of Chateau Lascombes, bottled at the Chateau in March 1876, and bearing the full brands on corks and cases. The Wines have been shipped to this country for purpose of sale, and will be sold duty paid. Chateau Lascombes is a second growth of the Medoc. It is situated in the parish of Margaux, close to the famous Chateau Margaux. Its produce ranks as one of the most delicate of that district.

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TESTIMONIAL.

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The new explanatory Prospectus will be forwarded on application.  
The Invested Funds exceed Two Millions. Policies indisputable.  
Nine-tenths of the total Profits belong to the Assured. The next division will be made as at December 31, 1886.  
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FLEET STREET, LONDON. Instituted 1823.  
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Income for the year 1884 ..... £54,633  
Amount paid in Claims to December 31, 1884 ..... 14,306,595  
Reversionary Bonus allotted for the five years ending December 31, 1884 ..... 690,346  
Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted ..... 6,869,937  
The Expenses of Management, including Commission, are under 4½ per cent. of the Income. The Limits of Free Travel and Residence have been largely extended, and Rates of Extra Premium reduced.  
Loans granted on security of Policies, Life Interests, Reversions, and on other approved Securities.  
Life Interests and Reversions are purchased.  
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LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN—3 KING STREET.  
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Interest ..... 126,000  
Accumulated Funds ..... £2,993,000

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LOMBARD STREET AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1793.  
Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.  
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Paid as Compensation by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, 41 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Paid-up and Invested Funds, £250,000.—Premium Income, £235,000. Chairman, HARRIS M. FARGUE, Esq., Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 6 Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, or at the Head Office, 44 Cornhill, London, E.C.

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FRANCIS HAVESCROFT, Manager.

## TO BUILDERS AND OTHERS.—THE STREETS COM-

MITTEE of the COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Friday, the 13th of November, 1885, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the Construction of UNDERGROUND URINALS and WATER CLOSETS at Eastcheap in accordance with Plans and Specifications to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.  
Tenders are to be on the Forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, endorsed "Tender for Urinals," &c., be addressed to the undersigned, and delivered before Two o'clock on the said day.  
Parties making proposals must attend personally or by a duly authorized agent at Two o'clock on the said day.  
Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.  
The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.  
Sewers' Office, Guildhall: HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.  
October 1885.

## FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY of LONDON.—

The COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, December 1, 1885, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals for taking, on Building Leases for a term of 99 years, several PLOTS of very valuable Freehold Ground, situate at the corner of Queen Street, Chancery.

Further particulars, with conditions and printed forms of proposal, may be had on application at this Office, where plans of the ground may also be seen.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal. Persons making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time.

Proposals must be endorsed on the outside, "Tender for Ground, Queen Street," and be delivered or addressed to the undersigned before Twelve o'clock on the said day of Tuesday.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall: HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.  
October 1885.

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Ask anywhere for  
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GIVES INSTANT RELIEF  
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Do. with loose lining and hand shovel, from ..... 4s. 9d.  
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Do. all Brass or Copper, require no cleaning, from ..... 10s. 6d.  
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**PEARS' SOAP,** in preference to any other, as being more free  
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THE FOLLOWING CASES FOR WHICH

**THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION** have been unable to obtain the required help from the ordinary charitable sources, are RECOMMENDED by the Council of the Society. Cheques, &c., should be made payable to C. S. LOCK, Secretary, 15 Buckingham Street, W.C.

12,748. It is desired to raise £4 10s. to complete the cost of arranging for the maintenance of a WIDOW and FIVE CHILDREN. One child has been placed in a Home, one sent to relatives at Hull, and a situation found for the widow, where she will be able to have her three remaining children with her.

12,080. A sum of £6 10s. is required to enable a BOY, aged 13, to remain another half-year at a home in Cheltenham. This boy met with an accident three years ago, which resulted in a dislocated hip. On the recommendation of the doctor at the hospital he was sent to the Children's Home at Cheltenham, at a cost of 5s. per week. There is already a marked improvement, which justifies the belief in a perfect cure being effected if he continues at the Home for a longer period. The parents are too poor to contribute.

12,417. A sum of £6 10s. is wanted for a Pension of 5s. per week for six months to a WIDOW, aged 68. She is a tailoress by trade, but owing to weak health her earnings have hardly averaged during the last eighteen months 4s. 6d. per week. Having lately met with an accident which has partially destroyed her eyesight, she is now solely dependent upon an allowance of 10s. per month from a French Protestant Church, and 1s. 6d. per week from private friends. She has lived twenty-four years at her present address, and bears a high character.

12,727. An East-End Committee are anxious to raise the sum of £5 10s. to defray the expenses incurred on behalf of a NEEDLEWOMAN, aged 59. She has for some time been doing her utmost to support her husband, who is too ill to work, and a very delicate daughter. In August her health gave way, and the Committee were advised to send her and her daughter into the country, which they did at some expense. The husband was sent to the infirmary. The mother and daughter have both returned with improved health, and it is hoped that they will now be able to maintain themselves.

12,182. An East-End Committee desire to raise a sum of £9 2s., as a pension of 7s. per week for six months for an old SILK WEAVER and his WIFE, each 79 years old. Both are quite unable to work, the wife being a helpless cripple. One of their sons has promised 1s. per week, and a grandson 6d. per week. In event of a pension being raised. The other relatives can only promise to help occasionally. The man was for fifty years in a benefit club, which, most unfortunately for him, broke up five years ago; he is thus deprived of that benefit to which his past providence is entitled.



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Is often caused by the use of unsuitable Spectacles. The Rev. R. H. BAYNE, Hon. Canon Worcester Cathedral, writes: "The spectacles are all I could desire, and my eyes feel strong already; I only regret that I did not know of your exceeding skill years ago." Testimonials from Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Radcliffe, Consulting Physician, Westminster Hospital; E. J. McLintyre, Esq., Q.C., M.P.; F. D. Dixon-Hartland, Esq., M.P., &c. Mr. H. LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician, 1A OLD BOND STREET, scientifically adapts his improved Spectacles to assist and strengthen the weakest sight. Pamphlet free.

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